

MAY 15, 1978

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TIME

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Wild

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Britain's Prince Charles



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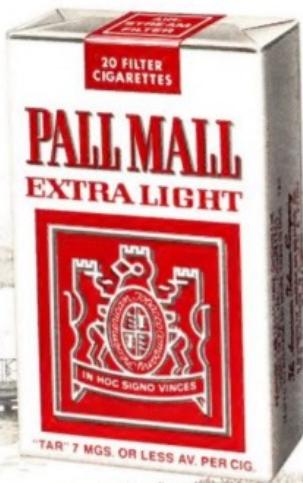
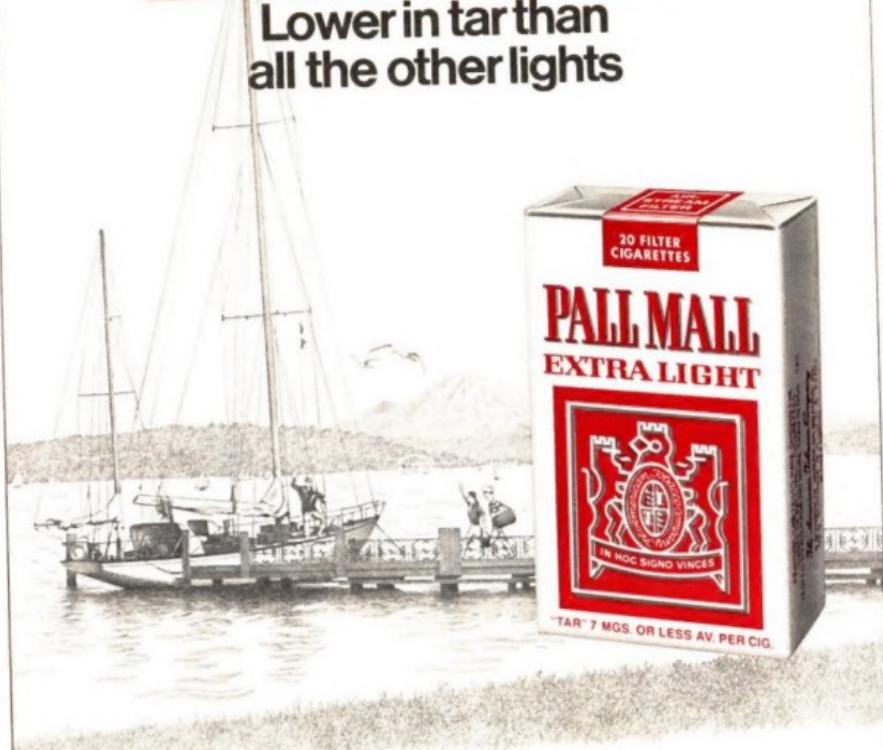
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Lady Bird Johnson with portraits of herself and her husband



Artist Chaliapin and Gourmet Cook Julia Child sandwich her portrait

world. Promotion Director Robert Sweeney arranged the complicated details of the bequest with the gallery. The gift was accepted by S. Dillon Ripley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. "These portraits are as stylish and as spirited as the people they depict," said Ripley, "and we are delighted to have them."

Marvin Sadik, director of the gallery, points out that the covers, although contemporary in painting styles, are closely aligned with the museum's older and more formal portraits of Presidents and policymakers, scoundrels and rogues. Says Sadik: "Both the magazine covers and our own portraits show people who have had the strongest impact on American life. Both, in other words, tell history—and that's where they can meet." Sadik also believes that TIME's covers are contributing to a revival of portraiture. "In the first decade of the 20th century, art went abstract, and representational portraiture became *déclassé*," he explains. "But with the reintroduction of the image in pop art of the 1960s, there's a new interest in portraiture, and I hope it continues. A painted portrait is the totality of an artist's analysis of his subject."

The selection of TIME portraits, including some notable photographs, that went on display last week recalled the era since World War II. From the '50s there were such memorable figures as Frank Sinatra (Aug. 29, 1955), gangling and youthful in his prime as the hottest entertainer in show business; an earnest Adlai Stevenson (July 16, 1956), struggling in vain a second time to reach the presidency; and Martin Luther King (Feb. 18, 1957), then, at 28, a minister just beginning to lead the fight for civil rights.

Faces from the '60s included a wood sculpture of *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner (March 3, 1967) in the days before the coming of women's liberation; Bobby Kennedy (May 24, 1968) just prior to the California primary; and a sculpture of Raquel Welch (Nov. 28, 1969), the sex-symbol star of *Myra Breckinridge*. Many of the cover portraits of the '70s already seemed frozen in the hard-edged past: Henry Kissinger (Feb. 7, 1972) at the height of his power under Richard Nixon; Liza Minnelli (Feb. 28, 1972) as a bright new star of *Cabaret*; and a sculptured likeness of Nelson Rockefeller (Sept. 2, 1974) after he was chosen to



Designer Fuller with painting of his original geodesic dome



Gallery Director Marvin Sadik in the midst of his new exhibition

be Gerald Ford's Vice President.

For gallery guests, cover subjects and artists alike, the portraits brought vivid memories. Painter Jamie Wyeth recalled being flown to TIME's presses in Chicago to sign his 1977 Man of the Year painting of Jimmy Carter because it bore no signature when he submitted it. Boris Chaliapin, who produced more than 300 TIME covers, remembered side trips with Subject Julia Child to buy pickle juice for a special Russian soup he served her between work sessions. Paul Davis, another frequent TIME contributor, spoke of working on his Gore Vidal cover entirely from photographs, then calling the author a year later in Rome to introduce himself. Said Davis: "He had me over for a drink immediately, and when I was there he showed me the profile he's reputed to be self-conscious about. It looked all right to me."

The cover subjects were less effusive—or perhaps just more modest. Senator McCarthy thought his portrait "captured the sort of impressionistic spirit of 1968." Judge Sirica admitted to having a framed copy of his own TIME portrait in his den ("My law clerks gave it to me"), but General Westmoreland had a different attitude. "My house

is a home, not a museum," he declared. "Besides, any recognition I got was attributable to my troops, who did a magnificent job." And Lady Bird Johnson did not want to talk about her portrait at all. She graciously steered conversations to the exhibit as a whole: "It's a glittering thumbnail sketch of the last 25 years."

Acting for TIME, I was delighted to be able to present the collection to the Smithsonian and to open the portrait exhibition with Secretary Ripley and Mayor Walter D. Washington.

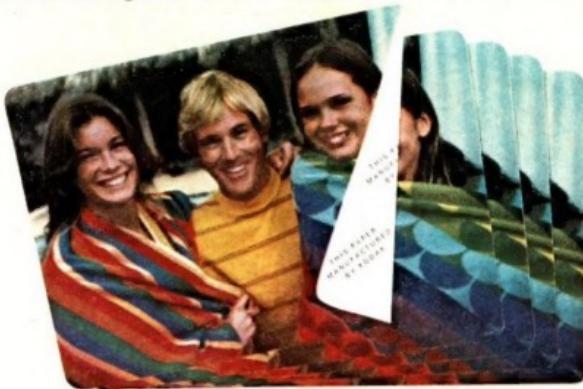
The TIME exhibit is a vibrant testament of where America is and where it's been going. As the country produces new faces and images, TIME will continue to capture them on its covers. And, by a special agreement with the National Portrait Gallery, the magazine will add new covers to its bequest every year.

Ralph P. Daideon



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Letters

Secretary Vance

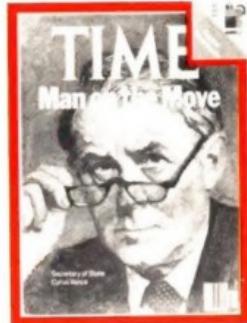
To the Editors:

It was comforting to read the story on our Secretary of State Cyrus Vance [April 24]. It is good to know that someone in Washington doesn't consider the ship of state a rowboat.

Merle Herrin
Pfafftown, N.C.

I was shocked to read in your interview with the Secretary of State that Mr. Carter and Mr. Brezhnev should get along well because "they have similar dreams and aspirations about the most fundamental issues."

I suppose Mr. Carter's dreams and as-



pirations are those he discussed during his successful campaign. Mr. Brezhnev, however, has not told us much about his dreams and aspirations, so we may have to consult sources like Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov to get a clue.

Silvia Landman, M.D.
Vestal, N.Y.

In the Vance interview the Secretary of State is quoted as stating: "Negotiating with the Soviet Union is sometimes a frustrating experience, but at the end of the road, when you reach an agreement, they stick to their bargains."

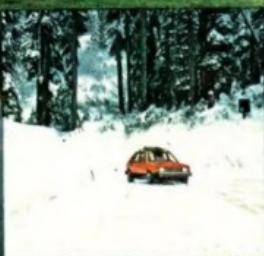
Experience proves that the Soviets make and keep agreements only when and so long as it suits their interests. One of too many examples is the Helsinki human rights agreement. How does Secretary Vance reconcile that record with his statement?

Stuart F. Brown
Anaheim, Calif.

Smokers and Nonsmokers

Thank you for data on increasing pressure against smokers in the U.S. [April 24]. I will prepare myself before my next trip to the U.S. Tell me, though, is it good form to throw drinks at drivers

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How Armco TRUSS PIPE built new plants and jobs in four cities.

This new Armco plant in Madera, California, creates jobs in office and shop, helps support families, adds to the community. Sister plants do the same in Springfield, Illinois; Greencastle, Pennsylvania; and Montgomery, Alabama. It's all because the unique Armco plastic pipe they make is something people need across the country.

Wherever people live, this pipe has a down-to-earth purpose: it serves in sanitation lines—and does it better. It's very popular with taxpayers because it costs communities less to put in and maintain. Environmentally concerned citizens like the way it clamps down on leakage. In fact, this pipe is so popular that Armco plans to keep on expanding production to meet the growing demand.

Armco is in steel and other important businesses. One of them makes this plastic pipe that people need.

Armco Steel Corporation, Dept. #38,
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Armco



**"We're running low
on oil. We must
conserve!"**



Different views on energy. One says "find oil substitutes." The other "save our dwindling supply." Who's right?

Some analysts see oil and gas running low within a decade or two at present consumption rates. Demand grows 3.7% annually. Supply shrinks. Oil and gas provide 75% of our energy. 45% of our oil is imported. Meanwhile, studies indicate half the energy we use is wasted. Cutting that waste would increase our resources. And saving is easy, doesn't take startling new technology. Conservationists reason sensibly. "Let's start by stopping waste!"

Others see abundant energy. Undeveloped. Oil shale, tar sands. Centuries of coal. Convertible to oil and gas, if the price were right. Uranium. Solar power. Electricity from the sea. But these developments take money. Time: ten years for a nuclear plant. Eight for a deep coal mine. Some spokesmen caution: "We're already late. Developing tomorrow's energy must start today!"

In reality we must both conserve and develop. Conservation can help buy time to find new oil and gas, develop substitutes. But those solutions won't emerge magically. The free market system must be allowed to balance energy prices with demand, serving both conservation and development goals. Profit incentives are needed to attract millions of minds and billions of private dollars to the energy problem.

The machines of Caterpillar are used to drill and pump oil, to mine coal, oil shale, tar sands, and develop power sites. We see urgency in both energy conservation and development.

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no simple solutions.
Only intelligent
choices.**

**"We must find
new energy sources."**



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Fame came early but fortune always eluded him—and when he died of kidney disease at 35, he was destitute and had to be buried in a pauper's grave.

Yet he left the fickle world an astonishing body of music, ranging like his life, from lighthearted frolics to epic tragedy...as you will discover in TIME-LIFE's magnificent boxed set on Mozart—the first in a book and record series called **GREAT MEN OF MUSIC**.

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Letters

of gas guzzlers—those polluters of my air—or does one slash tires? Also, are those antismoker sprays aerosol? If so, there goes the ozone layer, and I get skin cancer. Is shin-kicking of aerosol wielders "in," or do you cut off ties with scissors? Gee, it sounds like it should be fun.

Grant Heatzig
London

Unlike picking the nose or chewing gum or other disgusting quirks that one can merely ignore, smokers literally force others present to participate, whether they like it or not. The visible detritus of smokers, the world's rudest people, is also noxious, since they consider the world their ashtray.

John Joss
Los Altos, Calif.

The smoking-nonsmoking controversy boils down to two words: Smokers stink!

Leland M. LaBar
Bethlehem, Pa.

If any smart-ass assaults me or my cigarette with scissors, spray, gubernatorial lemonade or whatever, that person is going to get a right hook to the jaw.

O.K., so maybe I'll land in jail, but that frustrated Carry Nation is going to land on the floor.

Grace E. Oswalt
Jackson, Miss.

I was forced to sit in the smoking section of an airplane. As my seat mate began to light up, I leaned over and said, "No, I don't mind if you smoke, thank you. I throw up when I smell cigarette smoke." I had no further problem.

Lauren C. Steele
Auburn, Ala.

One gets the impression that many of the people who oppose smoking go through life searching for ways to prove their rights are being denied, and that they are abused.

Jack Lawson
San Bernardino, Calif.

The FBI's Role

The recent move to castigate the FBI for alleged civil rights violations [April 24] is senseless. America is now so obsessed with protecting civil rights that it is hardly capable of securing itself against the disruptive and subversive elements within our society.

What is the FBI's role other than to ensure our country's freedom and be ever watchful of those who threaten it?

Craig Sherman
Roanoke, Va.

The Carter Administration wishes to punish those FBI men who tried to protect the American people from terrorists. Those of us who served our country honorably in Viet Nam may be next, should

Mr. Carter decide the war was illegal. Undoubtedly, his beloved deserters and draft dodgers would be our prosecutors.

James McCaffery
New Orleans

In all honesty, which do you think this country prefers, an "overzealous" FBI or the "overzealous" Weathermen?

Neal Rappert
Port Orange, Fla.

True Beauty

Re "In Praise of Older Women" [April 24]: Grace, wit, style and charm. At last we are beginning to realize what true beauty is.

Christopher Miller
Strasburg, France

Why must Mr. Morrow put down young women in order to praise older women? Also, Mr. Morrow neglected to mention plastic surgery as a reason for the maintenance of a youthful appearance.

Karen Boyer
Fairfield, Conn.

I had been unconsciously observing the approach of my 30th birthday, when a callow medical student on rounds described his patient as "this 32-year-old middle-aged female." Thank you, Lance Morrow, for restoring my original perspective.

Kathy Grant
Madison, Wis.

In one week I will be 24 years old, and for every woman over 30 whom I admire, I find many more who are bored and boring, uneducated and unwise. God granted me one life to live, and I'll not wish it away.

Carol A. Sinclair
Napanee, Ont.

Strange, I thought feminism had done a lot more for me as a person than enabling me to be regarded as a sex object after 30.

Sandy Frieden
Houston

Ugly but Strong

I feel a sense of shame, even pity, for the "Senate 68" who voted aye on the Panama Canal treaty [May 11] in spite of the wishes of their constituents.

When our image was that of "the Ugly American," we felt safe and strong. Now we are known as and have proved we are the "Flaccid Americans." Only God can help the country now, after the Panama tragedy.

Martha W. Arnold
Atlanta

Why the hysterics over the Panama Canal? The canal is on the way to obsolescence. By the year 2000, when Pan-

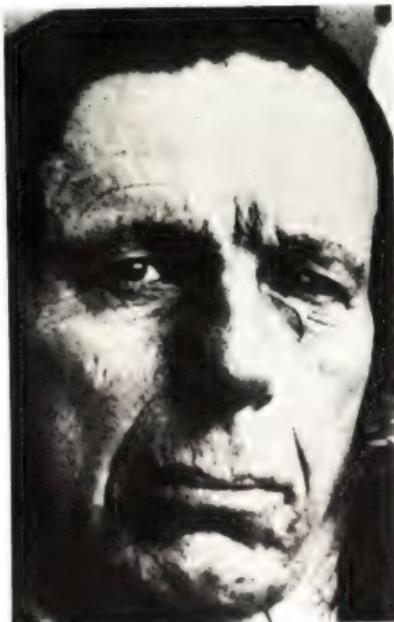
WANT TO SEE HIM SMILING?

This man is recognized by people all over the world as the symbol of efforts to clean up the environment.

His message, simple and haunting, has been taken to heart by countless numbers. Many of these individuals have also taken it upon themselves to do something for a cleaner, healthier life.

Keep America Beautiful Day has been observed on the fourth Saturday of April for the last seven years. An estimated 50 million people have personally worked on starting recycling programs, tearing down dilapidated buildings, planting green, living things, preventing littering and much more.

Keep America Beautiful Day 1978, April 22, will be for everyone. America needs everyone looking after her.



Find out what you can do. Contact your local Clean City Committee, Chamber of Commerce or Beautification Commission. Or write Keep America Beautiful, Inc., 99 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Keep America Beautiful Day 1978, April 22
Get involved. You may have occasion to smile yourself.

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Letters

ama takes over, it will be no more than a quaint monument to a time when we Americans could do anything. And the Panamanians will have nothing more than the popcorn and hot dog concessions at this museum.

Carl Swanson
Raton, N. Mex.

Ladies and Limericks

In response to Limerick Judge Isaac Asimov's comment that "women tend to be dirtier but less clever than men" [April 24], I offer the following observation:

The ladies endeavored with zest,

The limerick prize to contest

Though their rhymes were quite gross,

*They just couldn't come close
And their entries were judged second best.*

George E. Pio
Grand Rapids

*Imagine my pain! My chagrin!
The contest has already been?*

It's too late to bemoan,

But if I had known,

I'd have written a verse to send in.

Donald Spear
San Diego

Inflation Conscious

Frustrated, inflation-conscious taxpayers are finally getting through to the President and some of his staff [April 24]. It remains to be seen if Congress will start to get the message that this country can no longer afford to print money to satisfy every social experiment and special interest, including Congress's own insatiable desire for more power, staff, offices and perks.

H. Verne Loepert
Rockford, Ill.

If the leaders and the people of this nation cannot or will not control inflation, there will eventually be a breakdown of the system, resulting in massive disorder and chaos.

At that time, in a desperate last-ditch attempt to keep the nation together and maintain order, we may see the first dictatorship of the U.S. Don't think it can't happen here.

Anthony Pederson
Waterloo, Iowa

LPA enforcement should not be looked at as "nonproductive spending." The public cost of non-enforcement is more expensive pollutant removal for water use downstream and increased health costs from air pollutants.

Betty Woodruff
Columbia, Mo.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

"To be conscious that you are ignorant of the facts is a great step to knowledge."

Benjamin Disraeli
1804-1881

Very often ignorance of facts simply means ignorance of their existence.

A precautionary step in the direction of knowledge for the multinational company planning an international marketing strategy is to get in touch with the nearest TIME advertising sales department.

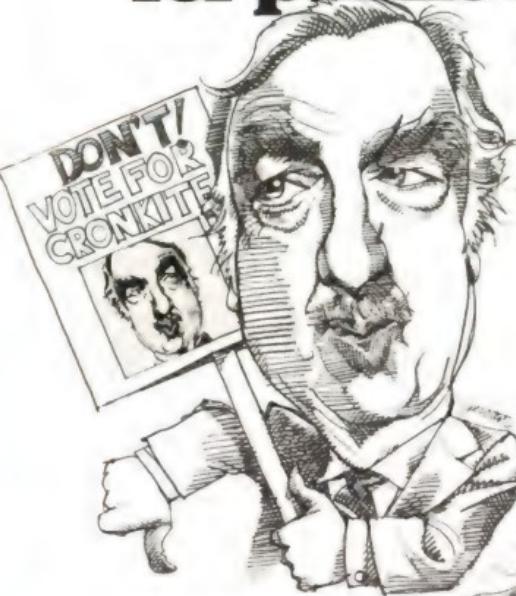
There you will find facts on cities, countries, continents and cultures that may prove helpful in drawing up a marketing plan.

TIME would be delighted to help.

TIME

For multinational marketing

Why Walter Cronkite won't run for public office.



He's been asked—by nearly all parties and factions—and says no. He says a newsman's integrity calls for *not* taking positions. "Once I did, as a politician must, they'd find my popularity wasn't what they'd assumed." His idea of public office—to keep you informed. Which he does, weekday afternoons, on "Walter Cronkite Reporting." On the CBS Radio Network.

She Got Sick Over Boston Traffic.



Stephani Shelton started her news career flying in a small plane over Boston and regularly getting airsick while reporting traffic. Now she has both feet on the ground, as a CBS News Correspondent on hourly news and the weekday feature of special interest to women, "What's Happening."

Ping-Pong On Radio?



CBS News Correspondent Douglas Edwards has covered wars, politics, disasters. But when asked to name his toughest assignment, he says, "Once I had to cover ping-pong on radio!" Catch his footwork on the fast-moving, comprehensive (and award-winning) news roundup, "The World Tonight" Monday through Friday.



Cronkite, Shelton, Edwards. Three of the reasons why so many people tune to their CBS Radio Network affiliated station. There are many more reasons—the local personalities who tell you what's going on in the neighborhood, while we seek to brief you on the nation and world.

CBS RADIO NETWORK
It's worth your time.



From a booth in the back of his pickup truck, Auctioneer Julin Hagen takes bids on tractors during sale of John Axtman's farm

American Scene

In North Dakota: A Farm Is Sold

In winter the big cottonwoods that John Axtman's grandfather planted sheltered the isolated farmhouse from the freezing wind that screams across the North Dakota plains. In summer the trees provide deep shade from the scorching sun that some years seems to burn the life right out of the earth.

Three generations of Axtmans have grown up under those trees. But this spring, for the first time in 75 years, no Axtman is plowing and seeding the family homestead with its 1,480 acres of wheat and flax. The Axtman family, a victim of agribusiness, high costs and shaky prices, has become a statistic, another item on the lengthening page where the decline of America's farm population is recorded. On a bright, windy spring Friday the family stood by and watched their treasured tractors and plows, their discs and cultivators—everything except some furniture and an antique butter churn—sold off to strangers. "There was a lot of good families around here at one time," says Auctioneer Julin Hagen. "There used to be a family every half-mile. Now the equipment and the farms just get bigger and bigger. I used to go 20 miles for an auction. Now I go a hundred."

The Axtmans had prepared for weeks. With the day at last at hand, the two oldest boys, Dale, 16, and Gary, 13, finished lining up the tractors and cultivators in the yard. The last of the tools were dragged out of the sheds. Refrigerators, dressers, even a kitchen sink were set in front of the house. Inside, Laura, 17, Lisa, 11, and Corey, 4, were up early helping their mother prepare the barbecue beef sandwiches (50¢), hot dogs (50¢) and coffee and doughnuts (20¢) sold at every North Dakota farm auction.

Soon dozens of cars and pickups lined the side of the gravel road leading to the white frame farmhouse. By noon 400 farmers in jeans and cowboy boots had collected in the dusty yard, their wives

wearing babushkas against the nippy spring wind. Some had come long distances in search of a bargain and a chance to "visit" about the latest births and deaths—and the price of wheat, which rules their lives. In the kitchen sat John Axtman's 78-year-old mother, Magdalena, out from town to watch the proceedings.

Standing in the back of a green pickup, Auctioneer Hagen got the sale rolling. In the Dakotas these days, most farmers have second jobs, often as electricians or plumbers. Though he and his partner handle 100 farm auctions a year, Hagen is a farmer too and is known as a good hand at squeezing the bids up. The small articles piled on a buckboard went first: a pair of shovels fetched \$15, jumper cables \$2.50, two grease guns \$3. The bidding—often no more than a nod of the head—came from every corner of the crowd.

In the late afternoon, the shadows got longer and the crowd thinner. But the mood of quiet excitement grew as serious bidding began on the heavy equipment. "A John Deere tractor and a good one, too," Hagen called out. "Works as good as new. Think what you're saving, not what you're spending." The John Deere, which cost about \$10,000 in 1967, went for \$6,850. The big surprise was a well-used 1959 Ford truck, which brought \$3,075, while a prized Canadian-made Versatile combine with cab and straw chopper produced only \$3,400. The Axtmans mostly watched in silence. But when the tractor was dragged off by its new owner, 16-year-old Dale burst out. "It's really happening! I'll never see them again." He is the family's amateur mechanic and has spent a good bit of his life on or under the tractor. "I'll miss the tractor," said Gary. Then he grinned. "But I won't miss cutting hay when it's hot." Says Hagen: "Some old farmers will cry at their auctions. Some are so glad to get it over they can't wait to get the stuff out of the yard."

Like most farmers who sell out, the

Axtmans are moving into town. Their new home will be 15 miles away, in Rugby, the seat of Pierce County and the official geographic center of North America. With a population of 3,150, Rugby is very different from the old farmhouse, where the five Axtman children have slept almost every night of their lives. Their next home will be a three-bedroom split-level. The descendant of German farmers who came to America in 1898, John Axtman, 38, does not talk much. But he and his plump, good-humored wife Lorraine, 36, admit to worrying about the move. Living on the farm, two miles away from the nearest neighbor, the family spent much of its time alone together. "We had lots of good times, picnics and Sunday afternoons playing ball just with each other," Lorraine says. "In town it's seldom that everyone in a family sits down and eats supper together." Now there will be neighbors on all sides and the noise of passing cars. For the first time Sonja, the family's friendly three-year-old white husky, will have to be chained up.

Despite their misgivings, the shift will be easier for the Axtman children than for most farm kids. In 1974 John and Lorraine took their children out of the tiny country school in the village of Balta, five miles from the farm, and sent them to school in Rugby. Neighboring farm families were critical, but the Axtmans wanted the children to have the science and math courses not offered in Balta. "When I was in high school, I wanted to play basketball so bad I could taste it," says Axtman, a slender man with long, thick black hair. "But we didn't even have a team at Balta."

Following local tradition as the youngest of four sons, Axtman bought the farm from his father, who retired in 1961. Now he says: "The kids are my life, not the farm." Laura, a determined sophomore, is already on the Rugby girls' bas-

WHY WE TASTE SO GOOD.

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You'll sit on broad full-foam seats, molded for comfort and covered in tasteful cloth in your choice of five colors.

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When we sat down to design this trim, new-size automobile, we devoted a great deal of attention to room and comfort. With these rather surprising results:

1. There is more leg room in The New Monte Carlo than last year.



2. There is more head room.
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Come in, sit down, relax. Put on the belt, turn on the engine, take off down the road.

Get the feel of this beautifully engineered car in motion, over bumps, up hills, through curves.

Smile.

Enjoy yourself.

You've got front and rear stabilizer bars beneath you, teaming with steel-belted radial-ply tires to provide that nice firm feeling on the road.

You've got Monte Carlo's road-tuned suspension, with big coil springs at all four wheels, helping to smooth out the rough spots. And 14 rubber body mounts to soak up sound and vibration.

Reduced overhang and a shorter turning diameter than last year's Monte Carlo give the car new agility in city traffic, cramped quarters and parking.

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Think how enjoyable they'd be in Monte Carlo.

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We would have hoped that by now you'd have set this magazine aside and slipped off to see your Chevrolet dealer.

Do it soon.

Experiencing The New Monte Carlo firsthand is a pleasure you really shouldn't put off.

And a pleasure you richly deserve.

Chevrolet



PUT A LITTLE DISTANCE BETWEEN YOURSELF AND THE CROWD

American Scene

ketball and track teams and wants to be a coach. Dale will be able to play American Legion baseball for the first time. And little Corey will have a full-time kindergarten to attend.

The real reasons for the move to Rugby were economic. And though Axtman is in some ways a victim of the steady pressure on small farmers, he did all right in the sale. Ironically, it was a bonanza year that brought his financial problems to a climax. In 1973 the price of durum wheat, which is used to make pasta, reached a record \$9 per bushel, mostly because of huge grain sales to the Soviet Union. Farmers raced to buy more land and expand their operations. Axtman even sold his profitable 30-cow milking operation so he could put the pasture to durum. When prices began to fall in 1974, he borrowed money and bought 160 more acres. In 1977 drought made things worse, not only around Rugby but all over America. That year the overall U.S. farm population fell by 5.4% (or 450,000). In each of the past two years Axtman had an income of \$15,000 and loan payments totaling \$30,000.

"We figured we would get out while we could," he says. "Two more years like that would do me in. And I couldn't bring myself to borrow against the land again." Some of Axtman's neighbors question the move, but others agree with Farmer Clem Schmitz. "He might be the smartest one of all of us," says Schmitz. "If things don't get better, there's gonna be a lot more auctions next year, and they'll be no one around to buy the stuff."

After buying the family's new home and paying off his debts, Axtman will have more cash than he's ever seen in his life: close to \$100,000. "On the farm it's like you worked in town for a year and then asked your employer what he is going to pay you," says Lorraine. "We're up at 6 in the morning, and my daughters and I are still washing dishes at midnight. And we couldn't even pay our bills." Her husband may look for work as a carpenter in Rugby, but he is in no hurry to make rush plans for the future. When the oldest children are out of high school, he may take the family farther west, perhaps to Great Falls, Mont., where his brother works in a flour mill.

Late in the auction day, that Dakota wind began to blow harder. Whorls of dust were spinning across the now nearly empty yard. The farm suddenly seemed lonely, and the family's mood changed. Everybody went into the kitchen for coffee and leftover doughnuts. For the first time, Lorraine Axtman cried: "I raised my kids here, and it's just so hard to watch it all go."

"I'm gonna miss farming," Axtman admits. "Still, the hardest part was breaking the news to my mother. After we made the decision, it took me three weeks to travel those 15 miles into town to tell her."

—Robert Wurmstedt

This is your chance to help someone who really needs you.

It's an opportunity for you to take a child who is hungry and lonely and help give him the basic needs of life. Regular meals, warm clothing, even medical help.

It's also an opportunity to show that you care.

By sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund.

You needn't send any money right away. Just send the coupon. We'll send you a child's picture and background information. We'll tell you his age, how he lives, what he wears, and how your 50¢ a day — your \$15 a month — can help make a world of difference in this poor child's life. We'll also tell you about the project where the child will be helped, and explain how

you can write to him and receive his very special letters in return.

After you find out about the child and the Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

Simply send in your first monthly check or money order for \$15 within 10 days. Or return the photo and other materials so we can ask someone else to help.

Since 1938 the Christian Children's Fund has helped hundreds of thousands of children. But so many more still need your help. Please send in the coupon today.

It could be the chance of a lifetime.

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261
NTIM53

I wish to sponsor a boy girl. Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.

- I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of \$15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
 I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of \$15.
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Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

TIME/MAY 15, 1978

Come Rain or Come Shine

Carter weathers a tour of four hostile states—and even finds some friends

Sunlight broke through the dark, rolling thunderheads last week as Jimmy Carter's presidential motorcade headed toward a desolate plateau near Golden, Colo. He was on his way to deliver a speech marking Sun Day. Then, suddenly, it began to rain and hail.

The incident was an inauspicious beginning for Carter's three-day fence-mending tour of four Western states and seemed typical of his fateful fortunes recently. Indeed, all kinds of trouble were raining down on the President as he left Washington. The 38 Republican Senators

four-city campaign among American Jews to shore up support for his policies and build opposition to Carter's plans to sell advanced fighter planes to Egypt and Saudi Arabia as well as Israel.

The President was further hampered by rapidly sinking public support. His approval rating with voters, according to the Harris poll, has sunk by 17 percentage points, to 30%, in the past four months. A Gallup poll to be released this week shows that if registered Democrats were now given a choice between Carter and Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy

amount of federally irrigated land that can be owned by a farmer Andrus has proposed redistributing the land and limiting owners to 960 acres each—a direct blow at the holdings of large corporate farmers. Many Western farmers also oppose Carter's determination to hold down agricultural subsidies. West Coast lumbermen fault him for not easing restrictions on their operations in federal lands. Observed Democratic Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado: "This whole region is just neurotic on the subject of the Carter Administration."

Faced with these liabilities, the President expected no large returns from the three days, during which he alternated between trying to placate his critics and being tough with them. His first stop, Golden, was the most troublesome. Democratic Freshman Senator Floyd Haskell complained loudly beforehand when he discovered that the President was bringing along Andrus and Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland. Haskell called them "symbols of the two most-hated Carter Administration policies in the West [on water and farm subsidies]." Said a more diplomatic Lamm to reporters: "I don't want to be a poor host. Just say the West, like the President, believes in the power of redemption."



An expansive Jimmy Carter greets crowd at the dedication of a park in Spokane, Wash.

Said a host: "The West, like the President, believes in the power of redemption."

issued a 29-page attack on his foreign policy, describing it as "inept" and raising the curtain on a major G.O.P. issue in this year's congressional races.

Carter faced serious difficulties over his efforts to get Congress to lift the three-year-old embargo on sales of weapons to NATO ally Turkey. He considers repeal essential to strengthen the Atlantic Alliance; his opponents on the issue are led by the small but well-organized Greek lobby, still outraged by Turkey's 1974 invasion of Cyprus. Last week the House International Relations Committee backed Carter's position by a single vote.

At the same time, Israeli Premier Menachem Begin was off on an eight-day

as their 1980 presidential nominee. Kennedy would win 33% to 40%.

Carter is particularly unpopular in the West. All four of the states that he visited last week—Colorado, California, Oregon and Washington—voted for Gerald Ford in 1976. Since then, Carter has outraged water-short Westerners by trying to eliminate 19 proposed dams, half of them in the West. Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus has stirred up further hostility trying to carry out a 1976 court decision requiring the Government to enforce the Federal Reclamation Act of 1902, which has been largely ignored in recent years. The law, which applies chiefly to 1 million acres in 18 Western states, sets limits on the

At Golden, Carter was in a mollifying mood. He stood in a downpour before a crowd of about 200 people and announced that an extra \$100 million in Government research and development funds would be available for solar and other nonfossil-fuel projects in 1979. Said he: "The question is how to cut costs so that solar power will set a cap on rising oil prices." The money would raise total federal spending on solar power next year to more than \$500 million.

In Denver, Carter further soothed Colorado voters by announcing a five-year federal program of \$675 million in grants and \$500 million in loan guarantees to help resource-rich states (like Colorado) deal with the problems of economic growth caused by the energy boom.

Next day, in Los Angeles, the President stopped trying to sound conciliatory and took up the aggressive image that he has been trying to project lately. In a speech before the Los Angeles Bar Association, he returned to a theme that he has sounded from time to time throughout his political career: he sharply criti-



Solar-energy enthusiasts marking Sun Day, including (top, left to right) a man in Boston, a crowd in Washington and Lola Redford in New York

Having Fun with the Sun

On Mount Desert Island, off the coast of Maine, 700 people last week stood in a semicircle atop 1,532-ft. Cadillac Mountain, which is the first place in the continental U.S. to be struck each morning by the rays of the rising sun. They stamped their feet and clapped their hands to the music of a fiddler and two accordionsists to keep warm in the predawn, 35 F. chill. Then, at approximately 5:15 a.m., they intoned, "Wah iaho, wah iaho, wah iaho" (arise, arise, arise), a Zuni Indian incantation. The sky lightened a bit in the east, but the sun stayed hidden behind a thick bank of clouds. No matter. The morning light had still inaugurated America's first Sun Day.

As the sunrise moved westward, similar fetes were staged by thousands of celebrants across the country. The festivities were organized by Washington-based Solar Action, Inc., a group of activists dedicated to "showing the world that the best energy source on earth may not be on earth at all but 93 million miles above it." At last week's rallies, they castigated the Carter Administration for not spending more money on solar energy. The sun now seems an unlikely answer to all the nation's energy problems, at least in the immediate future. But the President's Council on Environmental Quality claims that the sun could theoretically provide 25% of U.S. energy needs by the year 2000.

For most of the enthusiasts, Sun Day was also an occasion for celebrating spring. In Washington, D.C., 20,000 people spent a day reveling en masse in the sun at the Washington Monument, which acted as a gigantic sundial. They threw Frisbees, jogged in a "sun run" around the mall,

sang folk songs and listened to blue-grass music.

Thousands of Bostonians strolled on the Common among a ten-man jazz band, clowns and belly dancers. In New York City, where the celebration was organized by Robert Redford's wife, Lola, about 500 people at the United Nations Plaza chanted an appropriate mantra at dawn "Sun-nun-nun-nun..." In Greenwich Village, eighth-grade students from St. Luke's School cooked chocolate-chip cookies and hot dogs on solar grills; at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Omega Liturgical Dance Company re-enacted a Renaissance ceremony in which a ball symbolizing the sun is passed between priests and dancers.

Some of the nation's festivities attempted to demonstrate practical applications of the sun's luminous powers. Two dozen students from the University of Miami strung five miles of clothesline along the causeway to Key Biscayne and hung up clothes to dry in the sun. Actor Eddie Albert arrived at Detroit's Cadillac Square in a car powered by gasohol, a mixture of gasoline and alcohol, which can be made from any plants that grow in the sun.

Some parts of the country had rain, even snow, but the Sun Day celebration still went on. At U.C.L.A., plans to cook popcorn on a solar-powered device were rained out, but 600 Sun Day sundaes—vanilla ice cream, orange slices, strawberries, raisins and nuts—were given away. Los Angeles Museum of Science and Industry exhibited three sun-powered cars and beanies with solar-powered propellers.

By the time the sun had set over the Pacific at 8:23 p.m., Sun Day had boosters coast to coast. Said Maggie Hards, a coordinator in Los Angeles whose spirits stayed high despite the lack of sunshine: "Next time we have a Sun Day, we're going to find a sunny day and hold it impromptu."

Nation

icized the nation's lawyers largely for opposing necessary social changes and ignoring the needs of poor Americans. Said he: "We have the heaviest concentration of lawyers on earth, but I am not sure we have more justice. Ninety percent of our lawyers serve 10% of our people. We must look beyond these comfortable insulations of privilege." Carter's audience reacted coolly to his exhortations, applauding infrequently and perfunctorily. On the dais, California Governor Jerry Brown, a 1980 presidential hopeful, turned his back and talked with another guest as the President finished his address. Only when Carter walked over did Brown spin around and warmly shake his hand.

After the speech, Carter reverted to fence mending—this time in Los Angeles'

les' black community. Support for the President among blacks, which was an important ingredient of his 1976 victory, has sagged severely, with black leaders charging that the President has neglected their constituents. Carter made a handshaking tour of a community service center in the Watts ghetto and reaffirmed his support for black social and economic goals.

Later that day, at a press conference in Portland, Ore., Carter defended himself against suggestions that he might be a political liability for Western Democrats. Said he: "I don't think that I'm a handicap for Democrats. If any of them think so, then their proximity to me is a voluntary matter."

After staying overnight in a private home, Carter emerged feisty once again. Talking to reporters, he extended his critique of lawyers to include doctors. Said he: "I think doctors care very deeply about their patients, but when they organize into the American Medical Association, their responsibility is to the welfare of doctors." He elaborated on this theme at a town-hall meeting in Spokane, Wash., charging that organized medicine is the chief stumbling block to congressional passage of national health insurance.

Carter also dedicated a riverfront park in Spokane. This time the sun beamed down upon him, and 50,000 onlookers gave him the kind of friendly welcome his aides had been hoping for all week. ■



Northwestern University students cheering Israeli Premier Begin



Palestinian sympathizers at Northwestern protesting Begin's visit

Barnstorming with Begin

Israel's stern leader rallies followers across the U.S.

So eagerly were hands outstretched and backs slapped, so boisterously were politicians crowded round, that it might have been a presidential candidate barnstorming the country. But the center of the commotion was Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, who toured the U.S. last week to highlight celebrations of the 30th anniversary of the founding of Israel (May 11). Though the eight-day trip had been planned six months in advance, it happened to come at a delicate moment in U.S.-Israeli relations: the U.S. Congress was embroiled in controversy over a complex, three-way airplane sale to the Middle East. Rarely in U.S. history had a foreign chief of government so unabashedly ventured out onto the hustings, as it were, to drum up support for his policies.

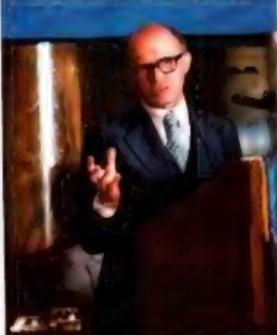
The Premier's arrival strongly reinforced the Israel lobby's campaign against the plane deal: 75 F-16s and 15 F-15s for Israel, 50 F-5Es for Egypt and 60 F-15s

for Saudi Arabia. Israelis are adamantly opposed to the Saudi Arabian sale because they fear that the highly sophisticated F-15 fighters might be converted to bombers and used against them. The Carter Administration argues that the planes are essential for the defense of a pivotal Middle Eastern ally.

Testifying last week before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance warned that "failure to proceed with the sales will seriously undercut the American role in the peace process and raise grave doubts about U.S. readiness to work with moderate governments in the region." General David Jones, acting Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, assured the committee that the F-15s would be equipped for defense. Israel, he insisted, would be in greater danger if Saudi Arabia turned to France for Mirage F1 fighters, which are better suited for ground attack.

The Administration warnings had little effect on the Hill. Annoyed by a White House claim that a majority of members

ISRAEL BONDS



Begin at Israeli Bonds lunch in New York

of the House International Relations Committee favored the sale. Democratic Congressman Dante Fascell, who represents a heavily Jewish district in Miami, drafted a resolution of disapproval and got a majority of committee members to sign it. Explained Fascell: "We had to demonstrate that there is a serious difference of opinion on this question, that it's not all over." After State Department officials huddled with Fascell and other committee members, the White House indicated that it would be willing to change the terms of the sale. The number of planes going to Israel might be increased, and the Saudis would have to pledge to use the planes they purchase only for defense.

While the issue was intensely debated behind the scenes, Begin made his public appeals on behalf of Israel. He avoided the details of the issues as best he could, making the trip largely ceremonial. But he had an indisputably political purpose in his main goal of rallying people to the ancient cause, and in this he seemed quite successful.

Looking frail and drawn much of the time, he seemed dwarfed by his entourage, which included the ever-present cardiologist, a ring of Israeli security agents and swarms of U.S. Secret Service men and police who manned sniper posts, rode shotgun in helicopters and stood at alert on fireboats. Yet the Premier's presence transcended all such hindrances. There was an incantatory tone to his cadenced, ritualistic speeches; when he spread his arms with open palms, the gesture seemed almost papal.

Begin's trip got off to a cheerful start at the White House—in contrast to his chilly reception last March. He spent two hours with Vance, then half an hour with Carter. Afterward, in a ceremony on the White House lawn, the President pledged "total, absolute American commitment to Israel's security." In response, Begin called Carter's speech "one of the greatest moral statements ever." He acknowledged that no hard bargaining had been attempted. "The changes for the better are only in atmosphere," he said. "But in my experience, atmosphere is quite important."

From Washington, he flew to Los Angeles aboard an Israeli Boeing 707—dubbed by American reporters the Bagel One. On Tuesday evening he addressed a cheering crowd of 11,000, who had paid \$2 each to hear him, in the Los Angeles Forum. As usual, he struck a historical theme: "After we suffered persecution, humiliation, discrimination, deportation, burning, drowning, ultimate physical destruction, we draw the only proper conclusion: We must fight for our liberty because if we do not, no one will give it to us." Once again he stated his conviction that a greater Israel is justified by the Bible and that the nation can never return to its pre-1967 borders. Nor would Israel ever tolerate a Palestinian state ruled by a "bloodthirsty enemy who kills women and children and enjoys and promises

to continue it." He did offer one small joke: "I have sensational news for you. I spent the whole day in Washington and nobody asked me to resign."

Whenever Jimmy Carter's name was mentioned, the crowd booted lustily, but California Governor Jerry Brown, a prospective Carter rival in 1980, was wildly cheered when he embraced Begin and said that he was "trying to send a message that peace will not come from making concessions before you even sit down at the bargaining table." Not even Begin's cardiologist stayed closer to him than Brown, who showed up the morning after the rally to escort the Premier around Los Angeles. Noted a Begin aide: "We were expecting a party of four and he came with ten, and half of them were campaign workers."

to New York. An overflow crowd greeted him at an Israeli Bonds luncheon, where individual pledges of \$25,000 to \$50,000 were made and a total contribution of \$20 million was promised. At Yeshiva University he received another honorary degree. Jack Weiler, an Israeli Bonds national treasurer, told Begin: "Israel needs you desperately, and you're doing beautifully."

Begin ran into a frostier reception, however, at a dinner for 1,800 given by the business-oriented Economic Club of New York. He faced a barrage of questions: Why were the illegal settlements on the West Bank so important that they were blocking all progress toward peace? Why must Israel's security be equated with more territory? Given Israel's commitment to democracy and liberty, how



Begin and California Governor Jerry Brown discussing Middle East during Los Angeles visit
Cadenced, ritualistic speeches on persecution—and gestures that seemed almost papal

In Chicago the next day, Jewish leaders presented Begin with checks for Israel totaling \$10 million. Chicago Mayor Michael Bilandic made him an honorary citizen of Chicago, and Illinois Governor Jim Thompson made him an honorary citizen of the state. Northwestern University awarded him an honorary doctor of laws degree. At the ceremony, Governor Thompson echoed President Kennedy by saying "May you never fear to negotiate, but may you never negotiate out of fear."

At Northwestern, Begin ran into one of the few hostile demonstrations of the trip. Some 700 Palestinian sympathizers, composed of Arab, Iranian and Indian as well as American students, carried placards proclaiming ISRAELI BONDS BUY BOMBS. Earlier the student body had voted 1,199 to 907 against giving the degree to Begin because, by bestowing it, the university seemed to be taking sides in the Middle East dispute.

Begin's last stop was a four-day visit

can it refuse these same rights to the Palestinian Arabs? Former Under Secretary of State George Ball denounced Israeli opposition to the Middle East plane sale and concluded, "So I will testify tomorrow before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee." Begin shot back, "You have already testified here tonight."

Despite Begin's public intransigence, there seemed to be some slight give in his position in private. In a recent meeting with Vance in Washington, Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan expressed a willingness to "reinterpret" Begin's earlier proposal for Palestinian self-rule under Israeli auspices on the West Bank. That arrangement could be considered a "transitional plan," Dayan indicated, and at the end of five years the basic question of sovereignty could be open for negotiation. Following his successful tour of the U.S., Begin may feel he is in a better position to bend a little on negotiations, even enough to get them started again.

Nation

Curbing Cabinet Government

Carter and his aides set tougher rules



HEW's Califano criticized spending

When Jimmy Carter first became President, he talked a lot about decentralizing the "imperial presidency" and relying on "Cabinet Government." He gave his new Cabinet members considerable latitude in picking their own aides and working out their own policies. But the experiment also produced damaging public disputes.

Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano Jr. let it be known that he did not like Carter's niggardly approach to spending for new social programs. Word leaked that Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal thought the President was wrong to push for full-scale tax reform in 1978. Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps blasted Carter's handling of the Bert Lance affair. Said one insider: "The Cabinet does what it wants because it's not afraid of this President. When the Cabinet members screw things up, nothing happens to them."

To end all that, the President warned at a Camp David meeting with his Cabinet last month that he expected his appointees to begin acting more like mem-

bers of the Carter team. No longer were they to attempt bureaucratic end runs around senior White House aides. When telephoned by such senior aides as Hamilton Jordan, Press Secretary Jody Powell or Congressional Liaison Chief Frank Moore, Cabinet members were to respond as if the President himself were calling. Full debate was fine before a policy was set, Carter said, but once a decision was made, public dissent or anonymous leaking would be viewed as disloyalty.

Further evidence of Carter's shift to "White House Government" came to light last week as some appointees who are not yet fully White House-broken disclosed to TIME the contents of two memos sent after the Camp David meeting to all twelve members of the Cabinet. One, signed by Jordan and Cabinet Secretary Jack Watson, asked Cabinet members to hand-deliver to Carter their personal evaluations of the jobs done by their top

crats. Although Carter emphasized that such activities were to be in addition to the normal work week, a follow-up memo from Jordan informed Cabinet members: "You may use earned vacation time for such activity, or go on leave without pay during such periods."

Despite the new display of White House muscle, the Administration insisted last week that the changes amounted only to improved management techniques, not abandonment of Cabinet Government. "We remain convinced that the more decentralized system is the best one for good policymaking, and we intend to continue with it," said Jody Powell. "But when it comes to getting a policy through Congress, or explaining it to the public, or implementing it," added Powell, with bureaucratic understatement, "we need to marshal all our forces."

On the Kolkhoz

To Russia with skepticism

During the "Great Grain Robbery" of 1972, shrewd Soviet traders secretly bought shiploads of U.S. wheat at bargain prices, causing domestic prices of some grains to double. Last year the wily Russians again bought unexpectedly large quantities of U.S. grain. Despite spy-in-the-sky satellite photos taken by the CIA to gauge the Soviet harvest, U.S. officials overestimated the harvest by 10%—or 21 million metric tons. This year, says Bob Bergland, the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture and a former Minnesota wheat farmer, the Soviets will not hornswoggle U.S. grain traders again.

Bergland set out last weekend for a nine-day tour of Russian grainfields to see for himself how things are going down on the *kolkhoz*. Along the way, he will discuss agricultural policies with officials in Norway, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Britain. But his chief concern is the Soviet crop. By talking with Russian officials and farmers, and squeezing a few wheat kernels, Bergland figures that he can tell the real state of this year's Soviet harvest.

Before his departure, the Secretary feared that the Soviets would not agree to his preferred itinerary, but this turned out not to be the case. Said an aide: "We've got half the world's food supply, so they have to cooperate." Bergland will visit farms and storage facilities near Kiev, Leningrad and Tselinograd, in the "new lands" country of central Russia. He also has insisted that his hosts keep the official receptions to a minimum. Some socializing is "inescapable," he allowed, "but I also intend to see those farms for myself." Last week U.S. experts reckoned the current Soviet goal of a fat 220-million-ton harvest was "too optimistic." But it remains to be seen which will be sharper: CIA estimates from satellite photos or the Secretary's field-trained eyes.



Commerce's Kreps criticized Lance

aides in such posts as Assistant Secretary and Assistant Administrator.

The independence and lack of political savvy of such aides has become a sore point to senior White House staffers. "One of the biggest mistakes we made during the transition was letting the Cabinet secretaries play such an independent role in naming their assistants," complained one White House aide. Said another: "We've got to find a way to bring the second- and third-level people on board this train." Several of the Cabinet officers grumbled privately at the request to evaluate their assistants. Said one Cabinet staffer: "This could be an opportunity for the secretaries to give poor grades to the very people the White House pushed in here."

In a second memo, Carter himself requested that his Cabinet officers make themselves available "at least twice each month" to participate in election-year campaigning for Carter-favored Demo-



Treasury's Blumenthal criticized tax plans



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Nation

"Feckless!"

The opposition opposes

Getting Senate Republicans to agree on anything is generally only slightly less difficult than getting Senate Democrats to agree on anything. But the 38 upper chamber Republicans were unanimous on one thing last week: they agreed to disagree with Jimmy Carter's foreign policy.

A 29-page manifesto shrilly criticized the "feckless handling" of the situation in the Horn of Africa, the abandonment of the B-1 bomber, the withdrawal of ground troops from South Korea, the "never-ending series of gaffes" in Middle East policy, and the "placating" of militants in southern Africa. Charged the Republicans: "In 15 short months of incoherence, inconsistency and ineptitude, our foreign policy and national security objectives are confused, and we are being challenged around the globe by Soviet arrogance."

Senators John Tower and Howard Baker added SALT to the wounds by criticizing negotiations toward a Strategic Arms Limitation treaty that, Tower said, "would place the United States at a strategic disadvantage." The manifesto lays the groundwork for a Senate debate on SALT that could surpass in intensity the Panama Canal battle. Tower and Baker agree that any proposed SALT agreement will be a fall election issue.

Ironically it was the Democratic Senators who partly inspired the Republican manifesto. "What really triggered it," said one top Senate Republican, "was listening to Democratic Senators grumbling on the Senate floor and in the cloakrooms about Carter's foreign policy." Said another: "Hell, if we offered [the manifesto] to the whole Senate, we could have got 75 Senators." The widespread carpings prompted Senate G.O.P. Leader Baker two months ago to appoint Texan Tower to head a six-Senator committee to draft a Republican policy statement. They produced a hard-line document that Baker toned down with the help of Republican liberals and moderates.

Due to the broad Republican spectrum that signed it, the report makes little attempt at formulating a comprehensive alternative foreign policy. Commented State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter III: "The purpose of the opposition is to oppose, and such resolutions I don't find particularly surprising, nor do I think they are particularly edifying" (see ESSAY). Added a high Administration official: "It is pure boiler plate. Its partisanship is transparent, and it doesn't begin to tell us what we ought to be doing instead." If such an attempt had been made, presumably the unanimity among Republicans as diverse as Clifford Case and Barry Goldwater would instantly have dissolved.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

In the Fog, a Man Searching

There are those—and Robert Strauss is one of them—who wake up each morning in the full and firm conviction that inflation is a greater threat to the pursuit of happiness than the Red Army. Jimmy Carter made Strauss his generalissimo of the counterattack, a deadly serious business that Strauss manages to infuse with his durable humor and energy.

"So far," Strauss observed last week, "it is inflation 100, Strauss 0." For an old pol like Strauss, who used to grab arms and twist them, trying to track down something like inflation is infuriating. "It's a lot of ghosts," he said. "It's like fog. I like to be able to shake something, to hit it, to denounce somebody."

His search is relentless. He has followed the trail to the chamber of Senator Russell Long, where he exchanged a few bad jokes with the Kingfish's son and then listened to advice about cutting spending. "I'm running this inflation fight with a roll of dimes for the phone and a pencil and pad," Strauss said about his own example of restraint. He has looked across at General Motors Chairman Thomas Murphy and preached a little about corporate citizenship. Murphy, it turned out, got there before Strauss did. "We will meet the President's program on price deceleration," the GM head promised. Strauss has also gone over to talk with the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s George Meany, who holds forth across Lafayette Square from the White House.

The other day Strauss's heart leaped when he walked into a Watergate penthouse and was instantly convinced he had encountered inflation face to face. Inflation was a handsome fellow in a neat blue shirt, a fine dark suit and wingtips. Inflation had a little bulge over the belt, some eye bags and was mixing his third vodka martini (Smirnoff, 5 to 1). He was savoring the aroma of ribs barbecuing in the kitchen. "By God, it was me!" cried Strauss. "And you," he added to anybody within shouting distance. "I paid \$6 for those ribs, and that is a hell of a lot more than I paid just a few weeks ago. Everybody's got to get into this fight. It is a chipping operation." That may be the critical point.

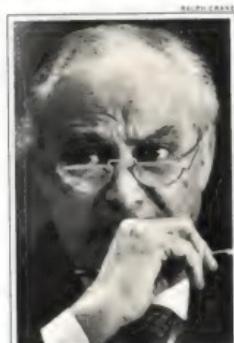
"At every meeting," he said, "I get two-thirds of the answer to inflation." Business blames labor and Government. Labor blames business and Government. And Government blames business and labor. Strauss is thinking of stealing from Pogo and plaster-

ing in every office in America this motto: "I have met the inflator, and he is me."

Such jollity is the sugar coating for bitter medicine that somehow must be administered. Strauss has discovered the self-generating nature of inflation. When prices rise, national concern rises, which instantly breeds new wage demands and pressure on the markets, which produce more price increases. "Then everybody is grabbing to get theirs," he sighed.

Through back-room cajolery, a few public threats and even a martini lunch or two, Bob Strauss has never failed at a public challenge yet. Even with the inflation odds running against him, he is an optimist and just recently he got hold of something in the fog. One morning Strauss told Carter that he was convinced the President's public threats to veto the emergency farm bill had led to the bill's strangulation in Congress, and this gave moneymen hope that Carter was going to be tough, and then this helped rally the stock market. Carter grinned, turned to others and said, "Bob has already learned what makes the stock market go up and down." Strauss is not sure he has learned that, but he thinks that like a good hunting dog he can sniff out inflation—even in a doctor's office. "If we can get the hospital-cost containment bill out of Congress, we can do some good," he declared.

Last Saturday, rather than scolding and nagging, he took a few hours to pay tribute to what he claimed is "the only institution I know in the world that has not contributed to inflation." He journeyed to the Kentucky Derby and laid down a few bucks on Affirmed at the same \$2 window he has been visiting for 45 years.



Inflation Czar Robert Strauss

"By God, it was me!"



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SMALLER FEELS BIGGER IN AN ASPEN.

Moments from Nixon's Memoirs

A dying brother, a strange dream, a wild drive . . .

Richard Nixon's *Memoirs*, which became available to TIME last week and will go on sale in bookstores next week, contribute relatively little that is new to his Watergate story. But anyone who is interested in international politics will find in his 1,120-page volume a mountain of both intriguing and tedious personal detail on Nixon's pursuit of detente with Soviet leaders, his opening of diplomatic relations with Communist China, and his ending the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam.

In recounting his life, both public and private, Nixon skips jarringly from family anecdotes to petty political concerns and to high affairs of state. For many readers, this may be primarily a book to be skimmed, in search of those Nixonian nuggets that say so much about the man and his quite special view of his times. Some samples:

On Brother Arthur. As soon as he saw me alone, my youngest brother, Arthur, greeted me with a solemn kiss on the cheek. I later learned that he had asked my mother if it would be proper for him to kiss me since I had been away. Even at that early age [Arthur was 7, Dick 12] he had acquired our family's reticence about open displays of affection. A short time after we returned to Whittier, Arthur complained of a headache. Arthur's condition deteriorated quickly, and the doctor was unable to find the cause. I remember my father coming downstairs. It was the first time I had ever seen him cry. He said, "The doctors are afraid the little darling is going to die." Just before we left, we went upstairs to see our brother. He had asked for one of his favorite dishes, tomato gravy on toast, we brought some up with us, and I remember how much he enjoyed it. Two days later he died. The doctor said that it was tubercular encephalitis.

On his honeymoon. After we were on our way, we discovered that our friends had removed the labels from all the cans, and thus every meal became a game of chance. Several times we ended up having pork and beans for breakfast and grapefruit slices for dinner.

On the 1960 presidential campaign. We were faced by an organization that had equal dedication and unlimited money.

led by the most ruthless group of political operators ever mobilized for a presidential campaign. I had been burned by the power of the Kennedys and their money and by the license they were given by the media.

On being a lawyer. I had finally come to the realization in 1965 that there was no other life for me but politics and public service. Even when my legal work was at its most interesting I never found it truly fulfilling. If all I had was my legal work, I would be mentally dead in two years and physically dead in four.

On entering the White House. I slept only about four hours my first night in the White House, and was up at 6:45 a.m. While I was shaving, I remembered the hidden safe that Johnson had shown me during our visit in November. When I opened it, the safe looked empty. Then I saw a thin folder on the top shelf. It con-

tained the daily Viet Nam Situation Report for the previous day. Johnson's last day in office. The last page contained the latest casualty figures. I closed the folder and put it back in the safe and left it there until the war was over, a constant reminder of its tragic cost.

On Eisenhower's death. The last time I saw Eisenhower was two days before his death. His doctor greeted me outside the entrance to the Presidential suite. "How's he doing?" I asked. "I'm afraid there's not much hope, Mr. President," he replied. I talked with Eisenhower for about 15 minutes before the doctor came in to indicate that I should leave. I could see that he was tiring fast, so I shook hands with him and walked quickly to the door. It struck me that this was probably the last time I would see him alive. I turned impulsively and tried to keep the emotion out of my voice as I said: "General, I just want you to know how all the free people of Europe and millions of others in the world will forever be in your debt for the leadership you provided in war and peace." His eyes were closed as I spoke, but after a brief moment he opened them and lifted his head from the pillow. With an unusual formality, he said, "Mr. President, you do me great honor in what you have just said." Then he slowly raised his hand to his forehead in a final salute.

On going to Peking. "This is the most important communication that has come to an American President since the end of World War II," Kissinger said. For nearly an hour we talked about the China initiative—what it might mean to America and how delicately it must be handled lest we lose it. "Henry, I know that, like me, you never have anything to drink after dinner," I said. "But I think this is one of those occasions when we should make an exception." I found an unopened bottle of very old Courvoisier brandy that someone had given us for Christmas. As we raised our glasses, I said, "Henry, we are drinking a toast not to ourselves personally or to our success. Let us drink to generations to come who may have a better chance to live in peace because of what we have done."

On meeting Mao. Kissinger remarked that he had assigned Mao's writings to his classes at Harvard. Mao said: "These writings of mine aren't anything. There is nothing instructive in what I wrote," I said. "The Chairman's writings moved a nation and have changed the



Brezhnev and Nixon at Summit Conference in Washington in 1973
"A secretary is useful when you wake up at night."

Nation

world." Mao, however, replied, "I haven't been able to change it. I've only been able to change a few places in the vicinity of Peking."

On the North Vietnamese. Kissinger and I completely agreed on the cynicism and perfidy of the North Vietnamese [negotiators]. Gritting his teeth and clenching his fists, Kissinger said, "They're just a bunch of shits. Tawdry, filthy shits. They make the Russians look good, compared to the way the Russians make the Chinese look good when it comes to negotiating in a responsible and decent way."

On South Viet Nam. If we fail it will be because the American way simply isn't as effective as the Communist way in supporting countries abroad. I have an uneasy feeling that this may be the case. We give them the most modern arms, we emphasize the material to the exclusion of the spiritual and the Spartan life, and it may be that we soften them up rather than harden them up for the battle. On the other hand, the enemy emphasizes the Spartan life, not the material, emphasizes sacrifice and, of course, with the enormous Soviet technical help on missiles, guns, etc., they have a pretty good advantage.

On secretaries. We discussed work habits, and he [Brezhnev] told me he did not use a Dictaphone. I recalled that Churchill had told me that he much preferred to dictate to a pretty young woman. Brezhnev and the others agreed, and Brezhnev jokingly added, "Besides, a secretary is particularly useful when you wake up at night and want to write down a note." They all laughed uproariously.

On Brezhnev's driving. I presented him with a dark blue Lincoln Continental. He got behind the wheel. The head of my Secret Service detail went pale as I climbed in and we took off down one of the narrow roads that run around the perimeter of Camp David. At one point there is a very steep slope with a sign at the top reading, "Slow. Dangerous Curve." Even driving a golf cart down it, I had to use the brakes in order to avoid going off the road. Brezhnev was driving more than 50 miles an hour as we approached the slope. When we reached the bottom, there was a squeal of rubber as he ... made the turn. After our drive he said to me, "This is a very fine automobile. It holds the road very well." "You are an excellent driver," I replied. Diplomacy is not always an easy art.

On Rockefeller. I had a rather curious dream of speaking at some sort of a rally and going a bit too long and Rockefeller standing up in the middle and taking over the microphone on an applause line.

On Congress. I was a man of the Congress and I was proud of the fact. But by 1973 I had concluded that Congress had

become cumbersome, undisciplined, isolationist, fiscally irresponsible, overly vulnerable to pressures from organized minorities and too dominated by the media.

Tricia on the last day. I took three consciously deep breaths to clear the light-headedness that had struck me. One ... two ... three. I said aloud "Take three deep breaths." Mama, Julie did so. The Hall seemed overcrowded with humanity. Platform ahead. Step up onto platform. Find name marker. Do not trip over wires. Stand on name marker. Reach for Mama's hand. Hold it. Applause. Daddy is speaking. People are letting tears roll down their cheeks. Must not look. Must not think of it now.

Diamond Don v. County Mounty

The sheriff loses the showdown

"I might go down in history as a legend—the biggest high roller ever to be a respected cop," So Doated Donald ("Diamond Don") Gilman, 47, in March 1977 when he was appointed sheriff of Indianapolis. Stocky and balding, Gilman

is a high school dropout who claims to have become a millionaire from operating four local health spas. He is noted for his huge roll of banknotes, flashy cars and ostentatious jewelry. He brags about his junkets to Las Vegas, including gambling losses of \$30,000 during one weekend.

After Sheriff Lawrence Broderick was killed in an auto accident, county commissioners named Gilman to fill the remaining 21 months of Broderick's term. The job is a plum: on top of a \$20,750 salary, the sheriff by law gets 10% of the delinquent taxes that he collects—an annual windfall of about \$100,000.

Gilman sold his health spas, stopped his gambling and won high marks from some constituents for improving the department's efficiency. He increased arrests and cut the county's crime rate.

But Gilman also made serious trouble for himself. It started a year ago, after the murder of wealthy, reclusive Grocery Store Heiress Marjorie Jackson. When the FBI arrested two suspects in Phoenix, Gilman flew to Arizona to interview them. But the FBI refused to let him see the prisoners because they did not yet have defense attorneys. In revenge, Gilman ordered that 35 prisoners being held on federal charges in the county jail be moved to other institutions. This upset many constituents because the U.S. Government had been paying the county \$16.50 a day for the prisoners' keep. After 2½ months of sulking, Gilman took them back.

Then he got embroiled in a scandal involving the county's 850 special deputies—mostly retired policemen, private security guards and cronies of local politicians. Special deputies can carry guns and make arrests and usually work as guards in schools and businesses or as police auxiliaries in the suburbs. In March, after a drunken special deputy was killed in a shootout with state police, reporters for the Indianapolis Star started investigating. When Gilman refused to tell them his special deputies' names, the Star began referring to them as his "secret police." In response, Gilman revoked all the special deputies' powers. Said County Prosecutor James Kelley: "It was immature and childish." Gilman eventually reconsidered and swore in 73 new deputies and reinstated 450 others. He also made public all of his deputies' names.

But by then, time was running out for Diamond Don. He lost the backing of the Indianapolis area's Democratic machine, and nine candidates ran against him in last week's Democratic primary. Gilman was defeated, 13,248 votes to 4,466, by James Wells, 44, a 21-year veteran of the sheriff's department. Wells is known locally as the "County Mounty," the nickname he has used during eleven years of broadcasting highway traffic reports on the radio. Said Gilman: "I just wanted to give the taxpayers what they pay for. But good guys finish last."



Sheriff Gilman in combative pose

"Good guys finish last."

Myth:

It takes a lot of fuel to move a heavy load.



Fact:

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Surprise:

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Americana

Relative Readability

The strange story of federal grants for strange studies goes on. In last week's installment, University of Virginia English Professor Eric D. Hirsch received \$137,935 from the National Endowment for the Humanities to develop a standard for judging the "relative readability" of writing.

Over the next year, Hirsch will employ eleven graduate students who will rewrite a series of student papers and supposedly make them easier to understand. The original papers and the rewrites will then be given to separate groups of readers who will be timed on how fast they read the two versions. "A text's intrinsic effectiveness is the proportion between its effectiveness and that of a synonymous version which is optimally effective," says Hirsch. "Effectiveness is in turn defined as an inverse measure of reader effort." In more readable terms, the less time it takes someone to read the paper, the more readable it is.

By putting several hundred papers through this process, Hirsch hopes to develop a new method of grading. Says he: "If it takes two minutes to read the good version and 2.3 minutes to read the original student version, that gives you a portion of 87%, meaning the student's paper is 87% effective."

What about writers like, say, Faulkner? "Faulkner is difficult to read," admits Hirsch, "but you could not say what he was trying to mean any other way, so he would have to get 100 in relative readability."

Sound confusing? Well, even Hirsch has a few doubts about the project. "It's complicated and new, and it might not work," he says. "If it doesn't work in practice, I guess I will have wasted a lot of time and some graduate students will have gotten paid for a year's work."

Love Story

LOVE came to Philadelphia as a Bicentennial exhibit in 1976 on an extended loan from its creator, Robert Indiana, and for two years the giant statue of the four-letter word stood on its



Hard to Swallow

You are what you eat. In the case of Peter Lazaros, 44, convicted perjurer and suspected bank swindler, his last meal revealed another unpalatable identity: jewel thief.

A man with a taste for the finer things in life, Lazaros was staying at New York's Pierre Hotel in January 1977 when he asked the Bulgari jewel firm to bring an assortment of expensive gems to his room. After a close inspection of the offerings, he declined to buy any. Bulgari officials later discovered that a \$35,000 four-carat diamond and platinum ring was missing. When they questioned Lazaros about its disappearance, he threatened to sue Lloyd's of London settled Bulgari's insurance claim for \$17,000.

More than a year later, Lazaros was arrested on unrelated fraud charges in Michigan and last week died of still undetermined causes in jail. While performing a routine autopsy, doctors found the missing ring—in Lazaros' stomach. Police assume Lazaros swallowed the ring when he was jailed. "We theorize it would pass through his system and two days later he'd swallow it again," said one. No doubt Lazaros thought his secret was safe inside him, but once again it was proved that you can't take it with you.

Miss Otis Collects

Arlene Otis, 30, a graduate student in criminal justice at the University of Illinois, was in the Criminal Courts Building in Chicago last week to interview judges for a term paper when she was suddenly arrested. The charge: illegally collecting \$118,456 in welfare benefits.

Otis first applied for benefits legally, under her own name, in 1969. Inspired by success, she later applied four more times, in each instance using a different name and a different address. One of the aliases Otis used was Greta Stewart, the name of an actress who once appeared in the national company of the musical *Hair*.

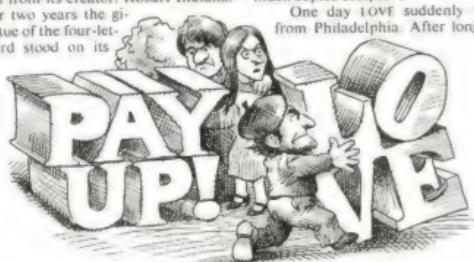
The problem was that Stewart died in September 1975, and the Illinois welfare department cut off her benefits the next month. In March 1976, however, Otis appeared before an administrative hearing officer and claimed to be Stew-

art—alive and in need. Convinced, the welfare department even paid out \$3,000 in buck benefits. But investigators became suspicious.

Things don't always move swiftly at the welfare department, though. Only last week did the state's attorney take the case to court, getting a 505-count indictment against Otis for the largest welfare fraud in Illinois history. How did she get away with her scheme for so long? According to investigators, she was successful because she knew welfare law cold and could cite chapter and verse to case workers who questioned her applications.

sions with budget-minded city officials. Indiana's agent had the sculpture unceremoniously carted off to New York, where another potential buyer wanted to see it. Local newspapers bewailed the loss. Then City Representative Joseph LaSala wrote the Philadelphia *Inquirer* to confess. "I am the ogre who made the decision not to spend \$45,000 on this delightful piece of sculpture."

That same day, F. Eugene Dixon, millionaire owner of the Philadelphia 76ers and the chairman of the Philadelphia Art Commission, phoned LaSala "Buy LOVE, Joe," he said. "Whatever it costs. I'll pay for it." Fortunately, LOVE was still for sale, and LaSala negotiated a new price—\$35,000. LOVE will be back on its pedestal, where it belongs, this week and, as LaSala says, "it never should have left in the first place."



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World

BRITAIN / COVER STORY

The Man Who Will Be King

Prince Charles is a most uncommon bloke

If Charles Philip Arthur George Mountbatten-Windsor did not exist, who could invent him? Consider. He can pilot a jet fighter and knows enough about helicopters to help repair them. He has skippered a Royal Navy minesweeper through North Atlantic gales with the skill of a yachtsman handling a racing sloop. He plays an aggressive, three-plus-handicap game of polo and is a qualified paratrooper. He is a gifted amateur cellist who can be moved to tears while listening to the music of Berlioz. He has scuba-dived in the Caribbean, schussed down Alps, sambaed into the night with Brazilian beauties. A keen student of history, he can discourse persuasively on the neglected virtues of his ancestor King George III, and is host and interviewer on a TV series on anthropology.

Conservatively estimated, his income is about \$420,000 a year. He is master of a stately home on 3,000 acres in Kent, which he calls "the most desirable bachelor pad in Europe." He has a mischievous, urbane wit, an infectious smile. At 29, he is trim (5 ft. 11 in., 154 lbs.) and—yes—unmarried. As if this were not enough to thrill every mother (and every mother's daughter) in the entire United Kingdom, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester and Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, is also heir to the classiest preserve of royal pomp and privilege left on earth: the British throne.

Given the robust good health of his mother Queen Elizabeth, chances are that it will be some years before Bonnie Prince Charlie becomes King. But as he approaches his 30th birthday (Nov. 14), this scion of the House of Windsor has clearly come into his own, not so much a monarch in waiting as a mature royal Prince who is a man of his times despite those anachronistic titles. Relaxed and at ease



The Prince in uniform as colonel in chief of Royal Regiment of Wales; below, playing polo





Charles in helicopter cockpit; below, at wheel of sports car; in the field with shotgun



Relaxing with dog Harvey during Quorn Hunt Cross-Country Team Event in Leicestershire



in his ceremonial chores. Charles has worked to extend the influence and interests of the royal family during a time of change for Britain.

Something of Charles' concern for contemporary problems was apparent last week when he held a Buckingham Palace press conference to announce the results of the Queen's Silver Jubilee Appeal, his special activity during the year of celebration that ended last December. Jamming a hand into the pocket of a not-too-well-tailored suit, the Prince explained in his husky baritone that his mission had been "to drag a certain amount of money screaming out of everybody's pockets." The appeal, it turned out, had raised about \$30.5 million. The purpose of the fund is to assist community programs for young people who get into trouble with the law—"to reach the unreachable," as the Prince put it. Asked if the new programs would try to do something for the youthful hooligans responsible for Britain's recent outburst of football violence, Charles answered deftly, "We have not had a group identifying themselves as football hooligans apply by that name, but I hope that gently one might wean a few away from hooliganism."

The Prince's easy wit was still shipshape that afternoon when his red helicopter dropped out of a gray sky into the grimy valley town of Merthyr Tydfil, Wales. He had come to dedicate the \$11 million Prince Charles Hospital, a 362-bed facility that some valley residents fear will shut down local hospitals. "Not to worry," said Charles, striding up to a sign-carrying demonstrator. "We have to put this hospital somewhere." Plowing along a line of well-wishers, he joked with a mother of six children ("You're going to heavily populate the pediatrics ward"), then moved inside to greet ranks of giggling student nurses and other hospital workers before popping into a ward to visit patients. Exclaimed one, as he moved on: "What a wonderful bedside manner!" Outside again, the Prince ducked into the pilot's seat of his chopper, hovered long enough for an expansive wave to the crowds below and then aimed for Cardiff Castle, where the Royal Regiment of Wales waited for him to open a museum.

When Charles' mother was crowned Elizabeth II in 1953, there were many—even among her own cheering subjects—who felt that they were seeing the last of those great coronation pageants. A tide of egalitarianism was swiftly making obsolete the very concept of monarchy. Now, except among a minority of zealous royalists in Britain, that feeling has almost disappeared. Elizabeth's own gentle, wise and dutiful reign and the growing popularity of her Crown Prince son almost ensure that the foes of monarchy will not have their way. Even if he has to wait at the footstool of the throne for decades, Charles will almost certainly one day become King. Reflects Marge Davies, a cleaning woman in Oxford: "Charlie

World

would really be good for the country. We need someone like him.

So does the royal family. The public dalliance of Princess Margaret, 47, with Roderrick ("Roddy") Llewellyn, 30, a sometime landscape gardener and would-be pop singer, has been a deep embarrassment. The Queen's headstrong sister permanently embittered friends feel, by the royal orders that ended her romance with R.A.F. Group Captain Peter Townsend in 1955—raised a furor two years ago with her official separation from her husband Lord Snowdon. Last month criticism flared again after a flood of publicity about Margaret and Roddy at their favorite retreat, the Caribbean island of Mustique. The royal family was due for a salary increase on Parliament's "civil list," and critics, both royalist and republican, asked sharply whether Margaret was pulling her princessly weight. Since then Margaret has been unusually visible on the royal circuit.

Princess Anne, 27, Charles' sister, has also piqued the public lately, although on much less serious grounds. A petulant young woman, she stunned a photographer not long ago by spitting out four-letter vulgarities precisely timed to the clicks



Prince Philip



Queen Elizabeth II

A carefully wrought education for kingship.

of his motorized camera. She alienated some of her Gloucestershire neighbors by sacking a milkman who refused to deliver milk for her six-month-old son more than three times a week. Anne has since tried to mend fences by appearing at a village fete, but she is not the sort who is likely to be beloved.

Even so, the royal family has the affection of the British public. Elizabeth, the Queen Mother (King George VI's widow), is still unfailingly gracious and good-

natured and, at the age of 77, every Briton's good old mum. Prince Philip's occasional bits of bad public temper have long since been forgiven by Britons, who admire his spirit. They also recognize his steadfast support of the Queen and his own independent accomplishments as a champion of environmental causes and lobbyist for British technology. Prince Andrew, 18, the handsomest of the royal progeny, is beginning to attract notice by bringing home dazzling young women for weekends at Windsor and following in his older brother's bootstraps as a daredevil last month, in fact, he preceeded Charles in qualifying as an army parachutist. Schoolboy Prince Edward, 14, has not yet reached the age of publicity, but is reputed to be the family's budding intellectual; he is fascinated by history and photography and given to nothing more strenuous than cricket.

Charles, though, is by far the most popular of the young royals. "He is first-rate," says Jack Diment, a porter and World War II veteran. "He is sensible, down to earth—that of there is no doubt He is a thoroughly good bloke."

It is sobering to remember that another Prince of Wales—Charles' greater-

Prince Charles greeting well-wishers during trip to Wales



Meeting Ashanti chiefs in Ghana



Doing the samba in Rio



Princes Andrew (left center) and Charles (right) in Calgary, Canada



uncle David, Edward VIII, who was to abdicate the throne and live out a sybaritic life as the Duke of Windsor—once inspired similar enthusiasm. Photographs from early in the century, of the young Prince of Wales donning Indian head-dress or greeting tribal chiefs in colonial Africa, bear an eerie resemblance to pictures of Charles on almost identical missions. But the resemblance is superficial: David was later seen as a dandified snob with pro-fascist leanings who probably did his country a favor by abdicating. If Charles is different, it is the happy result of a carefully wrought education for kingship and, perhaps more important, of the Prince's good-natured response to it.

Charles was already an heir apparent once removed when he was born at Buckingham Palace in 1948, four years before his mother became Queen. The world nodded democratic approval when she and Prince Philip decreed that Charles should become the country's first heir to the throne to be packed off to school like other upper-class British lads rather than shielded at home among royal tutors. His first boarding school was Cheam in Berkshire, then Gordonstoun in Scotland; both schools that Philip had attended. At Gordonstoun students start each day, rain or shine, with a brisk, shirtless outdoor run followed by a cold shower; the school was designed in 1933 by its late founder, Berlin-born Kurt Hahn, to be a place where "the sons of the powerful can be emancipated from the prison of privilege."

During Charles' years at Gordonstoun came another royal first: six months at Timbertop, a wilderness school run by the Church of England in Australia. Charles, who in his early teens had seemed somewhat fearful and plodding, responded gamely to the tough regimens of both institutions. "The idea is to challenge a person so they find something within themselves they didn't realize existed," he later explained. "This can have an electrifying effect on somebody who normally, perhaps, was doubtful about his own ability. I know it has had an effect on me, which has lasted ever since. There are a lot of things in life which need doing that you may not like the idea of doing. This is the whole idea of duty."

If Gordonstoun and Timbertop helped mold the young Prince's sense of duty, Trinity College at Cambridge—his next stop, by family decree—opened up his personality. Charles is a slow but dogged study; his bachelor's degree from Trinity was only an undistinguished "second class, division two"—a sort of gentleman's C. But Lord Butler, master of Trinity, praised the student Prince for what was, in fact, a considerable accomplishment: he was the first member of the royal family ever to earn a degree. Not only had Charles taken time out for state visits abroad and his elaborate investiture as Prince of Wales in 1969, but he had also spent a term at University College of Wales at Aberystwyth, taking a cram course in Welsh to cool nationalist resent-



Charles with Lady Jane Wellesley
The press destroyed a budding friendship

ment in his titular fief. Even so, a large part of Charles' education at Cambridge was extracurricular. His happiest hours at Trinity were apparently spent performing in a series of comic revues, in which Charles showed a talent for daffy comedy and self-deprecating good humor.

Even as a schoolboy, Charles had a penchant for mischief. He once sent classmates at Cheam into a frantic search for the right-sized headgear when he switched their unmarked school caps around on a wall of name-plated pegs. His sense of the zany owes much to a long devotion to the *Goon Show*, an innovative British radio comedy program of the 1950s whose routines he has memorized. He often emulates the show's outrageous punning style. (Sample royal groaner, after a dog-sled ride in Canada: "That just sleighed me.") He loves to deflate Establishment airs, and once showed up to address a banquet of the Master Tailors' Benevolent Association in a shabby tweed jacket over his proper white tie. "I am often asked if it is because of some generic trait that I stand with my hands behind my back like my father," he told them. "The answer is that we both have the same tailor. He makes the sleeves so tight that we can't get our hands in front."

The Prince defends his clownishness: "I would probably have been committed to an institution long ago were it not for my ability to see the funny side of life." His wit helps him make the best of bad sit-

uations. Thrown twice during a rough cross-country horse race last month, he cheerfully observed: "That was excellent practice for parachuting."

Charles has surely needed that sense of humor during the relentless press pursuit of his romantic life and marital plans. As one source close to the family tells it, British reporters very nearly destroyed a budding friendship with Lady Jane Wellesley, 27, the darkly attractive journalist daughter of the present Duke of Wellington. Charles and Lady Jane still see each other occasionally, but marriage now seems unlikely. Another press favorite, a vivacious blonde named Davina Sheffield, 28, was removed from the royal marriage sweepstakes by a former fiancé, who un gallantly blabbed that Davina and he had been lovers.

Lady Sarah Spencer, willowy, red-haired and 23, spent a skiing holiday with Charles and other friends last winter at a Swiss chalet. She, however, insists they are only chums. In an interview with *Woman's Own* magazine she gave a rare close-up view of the bachelor Prince. Charles, she disclosed, makes his own dates (not, as some have said, through third parties). He may pick up the woman in his Aston Martin or invite her to meet him at one of the royal residences. A weekend at Windsor Castle, Sarah confided, requires a suitcase of clothes—riding habit for morning, day dress for lunch, skirt for tea, long dress for dinner. A bit of formality, too: she claims she always calls Charles "Sir."

"Charles makes me laugh a lot. I really enjoy being with him," Sarah said, adding firmly that "there is no chance of my marrying him. I'm not in love with him. And I wouldn't marry anyone I didn't love whether he were the dustman or the King of England." According to Sarah, Charles is a "romantic who falls in love easily." The Prince once admitted that "I've fallen in love with all sorts of girls." But he also cautioned that "falling madly in love with someone is not necessarily the starting point to getting married. Marriage is a much more important business. It's essentially a question of mutual love and respect for each other."

Charles remains lightheartedly coy about his marital prospects. "If I got married, I wouldn't be able to do the samba like I did the other night," he told reporters on his visit to South America in March. Meanwhile, he has turned increasingly serious about his royal duties since retiring from active duty in the navy last year with the rank of commander. In South America, he observed, "people think I'm 22 or 23 years old, not very flattering when you think about it." The Prince, points out a defender at the Palace, "had three years at the university, then six years of military service. He came out just in time to be totally involved in the Silver Jubilee Year. He is only now emerging into a role of his own."

The command center for that role is Charles' desk in his suite at Buckingham

World

Palace. There are suites for the Prince at Windsor, Balmoral, Sandringham and other castle-homes, and the new digs at Chevening House in Kent, still under renovation. Charles has both his lodgings and office in his third-floor palace apartment overlooking St. James's Park. A few years back, Designer David Hicks redecorated the suite, but Charles has added his own touches and a good bit of clutter. The bathroom is hung with favorite cartoons, the sitting room crammed with memorabilia from his journeys. There are books on history, art and archaeology, as well as sound and video equipment, including a video tape recorder that he uses to replay and critique his appearances.

At Buckingham Palace, the Prince often spends the morning in private meetings: as honorary colonel in chief of ten regiments, active officer in three others and patron of 147 societies, he must receive an endless procession of visitors. Among callers trooping in may be parachute officers from the army regiment in which he has just earned his jumping wings; delegates from the Men of the Trees society, a conservation organization; administrators of his private conglomerate, the Duchy of Cornwall. Business luncheons often end the morning, with more meetings, or princely visits to worthy institutions, consuming the afternoon. Basically shy, Charles has perfected what one palace observer calls "all the little hypocrisies of the royal trade. When you meet him, he really makes you think he's only interested in you."

When his schedule permits, the Prince likes to spend his evenings with a small circle of discreet friends, who call him simply "Wales." He telephones them to join him for the theater, a shooting weekend or dinner at a favorite London restaurant, like Boules in Covent Garden. Among his cronies: Merchant Banker Lord Tryon and his Australian wife; Lord Tollemache, heir to a brewing fortune; Insurance Broker Nicholas Soames, a grandson of Winston Churchill; Barrister Richard Beckett. When dining alone, Charles favors light meals (one favorite: scrambled eggs and smoked salmon). He does not smoke, keeps fit by jogging in Windsor Park, seldom drinks anything stronger than dry white wine.

"Charles needs to justify his actions to himself in moral terms," observes a friend. To that end, his personal concerns are earnest, international, multiracial (see TIME INTERVIEW). Britain's royalty is expected to steer clear of partisan political positions but need not avoid controversial ones on race, a particularly hot issue in Britain. Charles outspokenly supports an open society. He agreed to act as interlocutor in the current BBC anthropology series *Face Values* partly to promote his vision of racial harmony. He is also a disciple of the late E. F. Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful*, with its plea for alternative economic systems and technologies.

To aid hard-core problem youngsters, Charles works assiduously to build the Prince's Trust, a charity that will aid people normally beyond the royal gaze: young ex-criminals, immigrant youths, juvenile delinquents. Thanks largely to Charles' insistence, black and white social workers, a youth and a woman are being placed among the usual Establishment elders on the board of Charles' other major benefit, the Silver Jubilee Trust.

In his earnestness, Charles can sometimes walk in where even constables fear to tread. Last summer, visiting a London youth club, he encountered a clash between black demonstrators and the police.



Charles Taking command of minesweeper
"One has to be far more professional."

Confronted by the Prince, Socialist Workers' Party Member Kim Gordon, a British Ghanaian, explained that the demonstration was against police harassment. "Couldn't you come together and discuss it?" Charles asked. To the police at his elbow, he said, "What about it?" Before leaving, he accepted a protest leaflet and pleaded, "See if you can sort things out. You cannot go around like this." The intervention drew fire. "I don't care who he is," snapped the head of the police union. "He should not have said anything."

The incident revealed a certain princely naivete, but also showed that Charles shrewdly understands the real source of royal authority in a democracy. The first function of any monarchy, he has said, "is the human concern for people." Charles inherited this appreciation: the smashing success of the Queen's Silver Jubilee was in part a thank-you note for all the gracious concern she has lavished on her subjects for the past quarter-

century. Over the years Prime Ministers have come to cherish their weekly meetings with her, knowing that her assessment of what Britons will tolerate, and what they will not, is particularly acute. Although forbidden by custom to intervene in partisan politics, she has fully exercised the rights of the monarchy that the 19th century historian Walter Bagehot described in his classic *The English Constitution*: "The right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn."

From time to time the Queen has used these rights incisively. In 1974, for example, she blocked Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath's attempt to form a minority coalition government after a Conservative defeat in the general elections; under the constitution, she told Heath bluntly, she was required to summon the leader of Commons' biggest party—Labor's Harold Wilson—to form a Cabinet.

Britain has no written constitution—simply a collection of precedents embodied in acts of Parliament and historic understandings that have grown out of political crises and conflicts over the centuries. In the accepted framework of British politics, Heath had no choice but to accept his sovereign's verdict. The Queen, for her part, could not have spoken out publicly; she would have seemed to be usurping the power of Parliament. There is a built-in fiction to the British system: namely, the Cabinet is no more than the servant of the Crown. The reverse is closer to the truth. Nonetheless, the myth works well enough in real life, although perhaps not so perfectly as ardent monarchists claim.

Critics argue that the monarchy is a keystone of the British class system, which over the years has stifled a good deal of individual initiative in a nation that now so sorely needs it. But Socialist George Orwell, writing in 1940, envisioned a future in which the "King and Common People" might forge "an alliance against the upper classes." This could yet happen. Prince Charles is well aware that the role of government may change radically by the time he inherits the throne, because of changing social and political forces," observes the *Sunday Times'* Anthony Holden. Yet the very hopes pinned on Charles point up how fragile the royal edifice is. It is still a hereditary monarchy whose worth is at the mercy of all the disasters and disappointments that can befall any family. Britain has seldom been so fortunate in its heirs to the throne.

The country's present good fortune is also the world's. Though shorn of empire and struggling to survive economically, Britain remains a cradle of modern Western democracy. Even with all its trappings, its monarchy is a living lesson for other nations seeking to strike the proper balance between ceremony and service, tradition and change, authority and freedom.

Prince Charles has spoken blithely of

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10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by 1000 workers in a certain industry.

World

serving a "30-year apprenticeship" for the monarchy. It is a prospect to daunt a young, energetic royal heir, and once it did: Queen Victoria's son was a frustrated debauchee by the time he ascended the throne as King Edward VII at the age of 59. Windsor watchers insist that abdication in favor of her son is out of the question for Elizabeth, barring, of course, incapacitating illness. But the Queen is doing her best to see that Charles' long apprenticeship will be a useful one, and so is Charles, who has sat down with advisers to chart an independent career akin to his father's. He is already privy to the red "boxes," locked leather cases of official state papers, that Westminster and Whitehall dispatch daily to the Queen (even Prince Philip does not receive them). Charles can also expect to act more and more as the Queen's "vice president," embarking for foreign capitals on the good-will trip and tied in with them, trade missions that he handles so well. His March trip to South America was more than a social success; it cost \$21,000, but he brought back an export deal worth nearly \$2 million.

One job that might suit him for a while would be Governor General of Australia, a country that Charles has loved since his six months there as a student. The post has been a touchy one ever since Governor General Sir John Kerr, in order to break a parliamentary deadlock in 1975, used long dormant powers to sack Conservative Prime Minister Gough Whitlam and call for new elections. Kerr last year resigned, turning the job over to the Australian-born academic Sir Zelman Cowen. But after Cowen has had another four or five years in office, says a source close to Buckingham Palace, the Queen would like to appoint Charles to the position. That would require an invitation from Australia, and probably some domestication for Charles. Says the source: "It's the sort of job that demands a wife to help out with all the ceremonial chores."

"**L**ife is what I make it," says the Prince, who clearly intends not to waste his years of waiting. "In these times the monarchy is called into question," he said recently. "It is not to be taken for granted. One has to be far more professional than one ever used to be." An American journalist who has traveled with the Prince observes, "That guy works so hard you would think he was running for office." In a way he is. Although the office is his by birthright, Charles knows that he can succeed in it only by hard work. "I am planning to find out all I can about British life," the Prince has declared, "including the government, the civil service, business, agriculture, the unions—everything. And since I have a long time ahead of me, there is no point in trying to do everything at once." Ambitious plans, but sensible. And reassuring qualities both, in a man who will be King. ■

"If I Can Prove Myself Useful..."

During a break in his paratrooper training, Prince Charles spent the better part of a weekend responding on paper to questions submitted to him by TIME, writing out his replies on lined foolscap with a felt-tipped pen. This rare royal interview is the first that Charles has given to a non-British publication

Excerpts

On his royal role. There is no clearly defined job for a Prince of Wales. It is a question of what you make of the position. I believe that it is best to confine myself to three basic aims at the start—to show concern for people, to display interest in them as individuals, and to encourage them in a whole host of ways.

On his primary concern. I believe we are in danger nowadays of ignoring the human factor, of forgetting that we are all individual human beings with problems to be solved and with feelings that have changed very little over thousands of years and will not change simply because we are becoming more and more technologically advanced.

On his involvement with TV. I would like to see further ethnological programs shown on television, because I believe it is essential to make a concerted effort to reduce the barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding when it comes to racial matters. These exist primarily through ignorance of the way in which other people live, work and worship. Television seems to me to be an ideal way of transmitting knowledge and information to millions of people in a relatively painless fashion. This could help to dispel fear, resentment and prejudice, which is essential if we are to exist successfully as a multiracial society. I hope I can do something toward this end.

On the future of the Commonwealth. I happen to be one of those people who believe strongly in the idea of the Commonwealth, and I will continue to do all I can to preserve and improve it as a living association in the world of the future. Any association of states, freely entered into, which comprises almost a quarter of the world's population and contains a multitude of

races, creeds and cultures, and which can contribute toward the destruction of artificial barriers between peoples must surely be worth preserving.

On relating to his own protest generation. I think you are a bit late with this question. I suspect my generation has now passed through its anti-Establishment and protest phase and is becoming more and more "established" every day. You forget how old I am! Insofar as anyone is a product of his generation, I think I can identify with some aspects of my generation. Inevitably there are others with which I can't.

On trendy views. I dare say many of my views and beliefs would be considered somewhat old-fashioned and out of date, but that doesn't worry me because fashion, by its very definition, is transitory, and human nature being what it is, what was old-fashioned at length becomes in fashion, and thus the whole process continues. The real problem, I find, is having the courage of your convictions when others about you seem to be losing theirs.



On the European Community, Britain and the monarchy. I don't see why being a member of the EEC should have any adverse effect on the British monarchy. As far as I know, there are no plans to extend the idea of the Common Agricultural Policy to include a Common Monarchy Policy as well!

On pomp and ceremony. I would change nothing. Besides ceremony being a major and important aspect of monarchy, something that has grown and developed over a thousand years in Britain, I happen to enjoy it enormously.

On his personal goals. I believe that if I can prove myself useful, then gradually people may wish me to become more closely involved with specific organizations or movements. I have not set myself a general goal in life, nor am I sufficiently ambitious or overconfident to have decided what mark I would like to make on history. I would only hope that it won't be a messy mark!

World

"Getting the Right People"

A Windsor intimate looks at royalty past, present and future

In keeping with tradition, people close to the royal family do not allow themselves to be identified when discussing its private affairs. Last week TIME's Frank Melville interviewed an intimate of three generations of the House of Windsor. Promised anonymity, he provided these insights:

A constitutional monarchy with highly trained, highly respectable and highly admirable people at the top is the best way to run a democracy. The moment you have any form of dictatorship of the right or left, such as Hitler's or Brezhnev's, freedom goes out the window.

The constitutional monarchy also enjoys considerable advantages over America's well-intentioned but badly conceived Constitution. The U.S. simply copied the British colonial charters, in which the Governor represented the King, and therefore was also the Chief Executive. If you take away the King and make the Chief Executive the head of state, you get the trouble the U.S. had with Nixon. In other words, the two don't really go together, because the head of state must be beyond criticism, must be someone that everyone trusts and admires.

In England, with its unwritten constitution, these sorts of difficulties do not exist. You can't imagine having a Watergate affair in Britain. Most certainly, you cannot imagine the Queen herself being involved in anything of that sort. Nor can you imagine any Prime Minister who had done something crooked or unconstitutional getting away during his weekly audiences with the Queen without having his tail screwed right off.

Now if all this is true, it depends on getting the right people to head the constitutional monarchy. Queen Victoria in her period was the right head of state, and she also had Albert, the Prince Consort, who, if he had lived, would have made a big difference because he was a very, very high-class statesman. George V, who became a much beloved sovereign, never expected to come to the throne. He thought his elder brother would, and was horrified when he found he was going to become King. He then said to an intimate, "It's awful, I have not been trained as King at all." The friend replied, "You've had the finest upbringing a constitutional monarch can have—you've been brought up as an officer in the Royal Navy."

George V was succeeded by Edward VIII, who went around the bend over Mrs. Simpson and very nearly wrecked the monarchy. In came his brother George VI—much less clever, less charisma, but a very solid person. When Edward announced his abdication,

George took a friend to one side and said, "This is the most awful thing that has ever happened to me. I'm completely unfit to be King. I've had no education for it." The friend answered, "Well, your father said that to my father, and I'm going to give you the same answer he got. You've been trained in the Royal Navy as an officer, and there's no finer training." In the event, George won universal praise as a good and very conscientious King.

TOPICAL PRESS



Prince Philip and Charles In 1955

Elizabeth married the right man.

Unlike her predecessors, the present Queen has been trained as head of state from the beginning. It is significant to note the difference in the education she got and that Princess Margaret got, and the discipline that the Queen has been under and Princess Margaret has not. I don't say Margaret would ever have made such a good Queen. But she could have been brought up very differently. Elizabeth, thank God, married the right man, himself brought up in the navy, and has an eldest son who is also a professional naval officer.

I've often asked Prime Ministers from Winston onward, and especially Harold Wilson, what they felt about the constitutional monarchy. Wilson said: "The Queen is the most professional head of state in the world. My most precious day was my Tuesday audience with her. At

first I thought it was going to be fun to see a pretty woman and talk to her. But, my God, she put me through it if I hadn't done my homework."

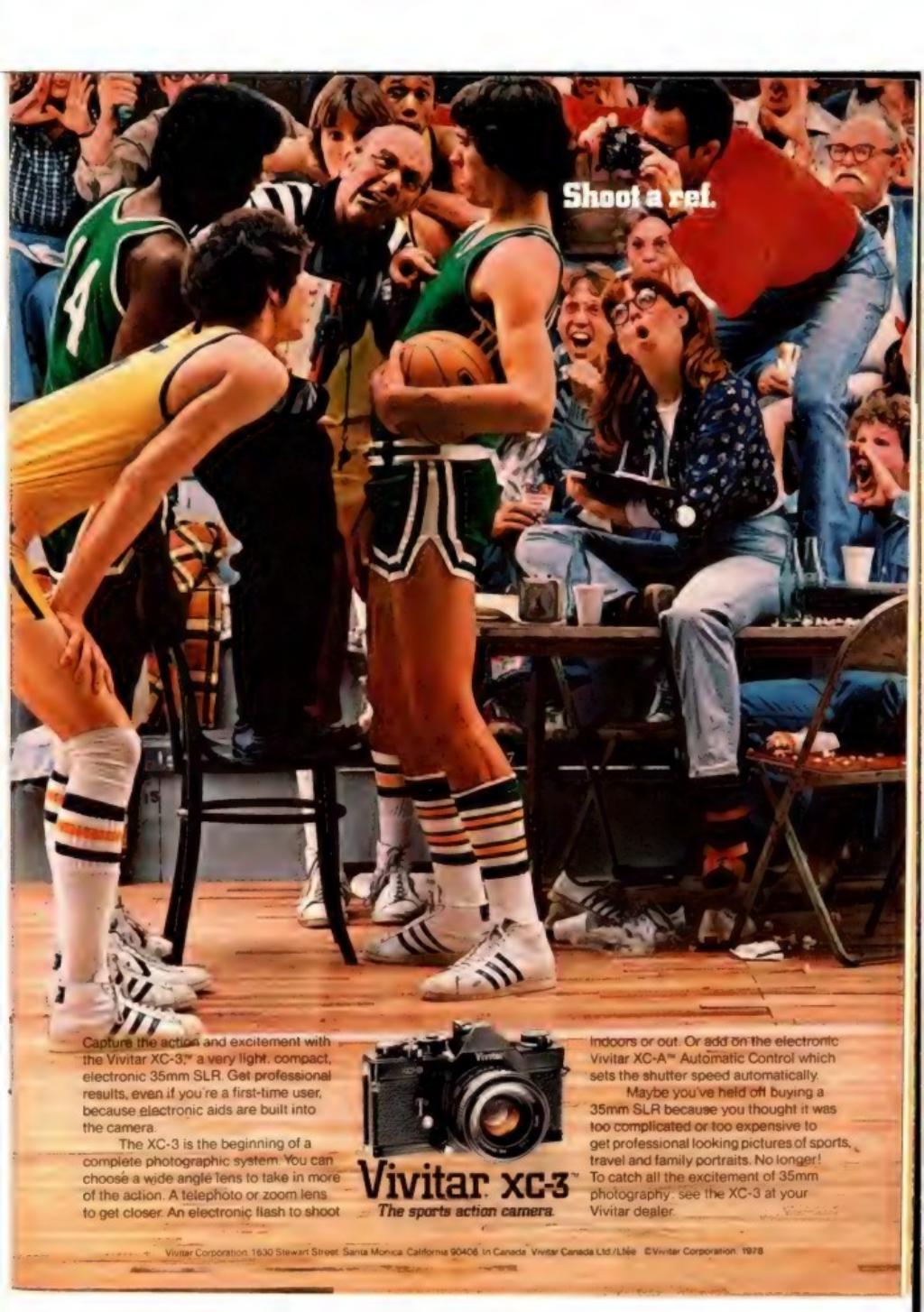
Like his mother, Prince Charles has been trained from the beginning to assume a kingship which more and more depends on personal example. Charles has already taken a firm grip at the United World Colleges, a group of private schools that specialize in bringing together students from many different countries. When Charles went to Latin America a few weeks ago, he met the U.W.C. committee in Brazil and Venezuela and fired them with enthusiasm. He saw the President of Venezuela and suggested we start a U.W.C. agricultural school that would search for ways to produce food on a cheaper and wider scale.

This is a marvelous opportunity, which is going to keep him very occupied. He'll be able to travel around any country not as the Prince of Wales, not with a guard and a band, not with a Foreign Office speech to read, but as the president of the international council of the U.W.C. If he calls on the President of the country, he's got something to talk to him about, not just bromide. He'll be able to get things done.

Another area in which Charles will be increasingly active is representing the Queen and Philip on royal visits abroad, such as his recent presiding over the independence ceremonies in Papua New Guinea. If you want to make an analogy with the U.S., I think Charles will more and more assume the globe-trotting activities—other than political—of an American Vice President. Overall, one can be certain that the Queen, unlike Victoria, who prevented Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales from doing anything worthwhile, will not block Prince Charles. If the Prime Minister of the day has a good job for him to do, the Queen will be delighted.

It's not for Charles to stand up blowing a trumpet declaring, "We must have racial equality." That's not the way to do it. The real way is to be seen flat out to help colored folk in practical ways. This is the importance of his job as head of the U.W.C., which will enable him to meet people from every country, some of them very dark, and actually get things done for them. Charles is completely and absolutely devoid of color prejudice. He just can't understand what the prejudices can be about.

In this respect, the Queen, Philip and Charles are the complete antithesis of the Duke of Windsor. I recall how, when Windsor arrived in the Bahamas as Governor-General in 1940, he savaged the feelings of one of the island's most distinguished colored citizens, Sir Etienne Dupuch, owner and editor of the *Tribune* (the most influential newspaper in the Bahamas), had called at Government House to tender his respects. Windsor,

A dynamic basketball game scene. In the foreground, a player in a green jersey with the number 14 is looking up at a referee in a black and white striped shirt. Another player in a yellow jersey is leaning forward. In the background, a crowd of spectators, including a woman with glasses and a man with a mustache, are cheering. A person in the crowd is holding a camera and taking a picture.

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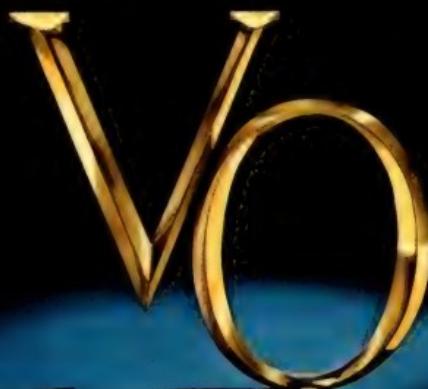
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World

who was standing just outside the main gate, dismissed Dupuch with the withering comment: "Colored people to the tradesmen's entrance."

I'll give you a prophecy. Charles won't marry for some time yet. If I were a betting man, I'd put very heavy odds that there's not the remotest chance of his getting engaged for at least a year, and more probably two.

Charles knows the sort of girl he wants to marry, but I would not think he's sure that he's actually met "the one." He does not want anyone who is likely to accept him very readily. If she did, it would be for the wrong reason—wanting to be Queen. The girl he's searching for is the one who does not want to be Queen, who will only do it out of love for him and affectionate desire to help and serve him.

Let's take this nice girl Jane Wellesley, the daughter of the Duke of Wellington. There's a shocking example of the way the bloody press has hounded anyone who has been out with Charles. Jane happened to be in Spain on the property the family inherited from the Great Duke. So she invited Charles for some shooting, and when they came back, he very naturally asked her in return to come down to one of the royal houses. Before you could say knife, the press was marrying them off.

When Jane arrived at the small travel agency in Chelsea at which she worked the morning after the idiotic story had broken, her boss came out and said: "You'd better come in and tell the press to go to hell. Get rid of them and don't come back at all if you can't." The press besieged her physically, and she couldn't get out of the shop. Flash! Flash! Flash! Question? Question? Question! She finally forced her way out after the police had been called, jumped into a taxi and dissolved into a flood of tears. Her mother said: "It was as if she had been found guilty of some ghastly sexual crime or murder or robbery." What is more, Jane said she never wanted to see Prince Charles again. It was months before she relented.

I think Charles will prefer to go for an English girl as his Queen because it would make no difficulties regarding the country's acceptance. Nonetheless, there are problems that have to be overcome even in the case of a nice English girl who fulfills all the personal requirements. Firstly, her family has got to be thought about. Because if the girl is going to be the Queen of England, you can't altogether push her family aside. It's got to be a family that fits. It hasn't got to be aristocratic, it's got to be nice—that's all. The girl doesn't have to have a title. She can be Miss Something-or-Other, provided she's suitable as a wife and Queen.

As for foreign princesses, let's put it this way. There are, for one reason or another, no truly suitable candidates around.

Princess Marie-Astrid of Luxembourg, whom Charles has hardly met, is most suitable, but this was never really on. Charles is prohibited by law from marrying a Roman Catholic. And for Marie-Astrid, a devout R.C., to renounce her faith would not be well received by a lot of people. Princess Grace's charming and amusing daughter is also a Roman Catholic, somewhat headstrong and getting married anyway. Nor do I think Charles will marry a German princess.

There is not the least objection to a girl from the U.S. or the Commonwealth, but I think it very unlikely. How would he get to know a suitable American well enough, long enough, to be able to say yes? Now let's take Grace Kelly, who

CENTRAL PRESS—PICTORIAL



Elizabeth investing son as Prince of Wales

The Queen will not block Charles.

would be, if she were the right age, admirable as Queen of England. She's beautiful, she's intelligent, she's dignified. She's got every quality. I'm mad about her, and she's the most marvelous professional princess I've ever met. When could Charles have met such an American and seen her long enough to consider marriage? A *coup de foudre*—this falling in love at first sight—is not the way that royal marriages are made. They invariably require growing together, mutual affection, trust, love, the desire to be together and have children. That is the way Charles looks at it, I know. He has got to know her frightfully well. It's one thing to pop into bed with a pretty girl. It's another to make your life with her.

Let's get one thing quite straight: the Queen is not going to abdicate. What is

more, everyone would advise her not to, beginning with the Prince of Wales. This idea of abdication is unheard of in British constitutional history. There's no sovereign except Edward VIII who has abdicated. They've either had their heads cut off or been thrown out—as in the case of James II, who wouldn't give up his Roman Catholic connections.

No one is less anxious to succeed his mother than Charles. He certainly would never wish her to abdicate. Firstly, the longer you're in the job, the better you do it.

Secondly, unlike his mother, who succeeded when she was 25 and, as the wife of a naval officer, was constantly abroad and not in touch with state affairs. Charles is able to talk with Prime Ministers and ministers with considerable background knowledge. Thus he's gradually gaining experience of a sort none of his recent predecessors had.

I think the idea that if in 20 years, when he's 49, he hasn't succeeded he'll become disenchanted is nonsense. If you look at the history of royal families, the average age at which sovereigns have succeeded is about 50. It is much better to have an older King. Prince Charles may be the ideal youth leader now and do it very well. But that's nothing to what he will be able to do at 50 or 60, when he has studied the ship of state all the way through. The Queen is very healthy, very fit and very hard-working, and she's going to be around for a long time yet.

Charles may be expected to tread an impartial but principled road in his dealings with the political parties. He has also got a very highly developed sense of right and wrong. Very important, he can charm an audience when telling them some home truths. Let me give you an example.

On his promotion to Commander, R.N., last year, Charles was elected to the Royal Navy Club, which had been founded in 1775. To be a member, you have got to be a commander, captain or admiral who has commanded one of Her Majesty's ships. At the Silver Jubilee dinner in the splendid Naval Navigational School, H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, 200 senior officers were around the table when Charles got up to make the keynote speech. He said: "I'm the youngest person here. I've just come from sea to tell you that very few of you, if any, know what my generation is thinking." He went on to deliver an address that was modern-minded and tolerant in its approach, whilst at the same time advocating the retention of the best of the old. Sir Charles Norris, one of the most senior admirals present, leaned over to another veteran sailor and remarked: "What a good piece of luck to have that young man as our next King." The second admiral retorted: "It's not luck at all, it's just a bloody miracle."



Thompson leaving Lewisburg prison



Marcus with wife and child after release from Mozambique



Van Norman with grandmother

ESPIONAGE

A Prisoner-Swapping Triple Play

And there could be more intriguing trades in the works

To the rest of the passengers who had boarded Pan Am's Flight 688 in Frankfurt, West Germany, one morning last week, there seemed nothing remarkable about the bearded man and his three neatly dressed companions. But as soon as the jet landed at West Berlin's Tegel Airport, the foursome rushed into a U.S. Government sedan, which promptly sped off to the U.S. mission in the verdant Dahlem quarter of the divided city. There, the three escorts—an East German attorney, a U.S. State Department official and an Israeli parliamentary aide—delivered their charge, winding up one of the most intricate East-West spy swaps in years: the exchange of a convicted Soviet agent who had been held in Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary in Pennsylvania for an American student who had been imprisoned by the East Germans. As part of the same deal, a young Israeli had already been freed by the Marxist regime in Mozambique.

The central figure in the swap was the prisoner from Lewisburg: Robert Thompson, 43, a one-time U.S. Air Force clerk who had served 13 years of a 30-year sentence after confessing, in 1965, that he had passed hundreds of photos of secret documents to the Soviets while he was based in West Berlin. After the exchange, Thompson hurried off into East Berlin, leaving behind several lingering puzzles about his true identity. Although U.S. investigators remained persuaded that he was a Detroit-born American, Thompson maintained that he was actually born in Leipzig (now in East Germany) of a Russian father and a German mother. If given another opportunity to spy for the Soviets, he said, he would "do it again." In any case, Moscow was so eager to obtain Thompson that it arranged for other Communist regimes to give up two prisoners:

► Miron Marcus, 24, an Israeli who holds a passport from Rhodesia, and works there in his father-in-law's radio-manufacturing business. In late April, Marcus was allowed to walk to freedom into Swa-

ziland from Mozambique, where he had been held since September 1976, when bad weather forced his private plane to land during a flight to South Africa. Mozambican troops surrounded the craft and opened fire, wounding Marcus and killing his brother-in-law. Although he has insisted that his flight was strictly for business purposes, diplomats in West Germany have speculated that Marcus might have been surveying Cuban and Soviet activity in Mozambique for the CIA and Israeli intelligence.

► Alan van Norman, 22, a biology student at Minnesota's Concordia College. He flew home last week after being delivered to the U.S. mission in West Berlin by the East Germans. They sentenced him to a 2½-year prison term last January, after he had been caught five months earlier attempting to smuggle a family out of East Germany. After his release, Van Norman told newsmen that he had "only wanted to help people. It was not a question of money." He appeared in good health, although he complained of "very rough interrogation" during his first three months of confinement.

The triple prisoner play was the result of several months of negotiations. Among the key Western officials involved in the bargaining was Congressman Benjamin Gilman, a New York Republican who has worked quietly to obtain freedom for a number of people imprisoned by Communist regimes. For the East bloc, the chief negotiator was East German Lawyer Wolfgang Vogel, an old hand at spy swapping. He negotiated the 1962 exchange of Francis Gary Powers, the American pilot whose U-2 spy plane was shot down over the USSR, for top Soviet Spy Rudolf Abel, who was imprisoned in the U.S. More recently, Vogel has acted as the primary channel through which Bonn has been getting East Ger-

many to free political prisoners by paying ransom money (up to \$35,000 per prisoner).

Clearly well rewarded for his work, Vogel drives a gold-colored Mercedes sedan, wears gold watches and elegant Western-style clothes, lives in a plush villa outside East Berlin and has a comfortable lakeside dacha. His most envied badge of privilege, however, may well be his "open" visa: it apparently allows him to pass freely through the Berlin Wall to visit the West.

There are indications that Vogel may be ready to make more deals. One candidate is Captain Nikolai Artamonov, a Soviet naval officer who defected to the U.S. in 1959, assumed the name Nicholas Shadrin and then disappeared in Vienna 2½ years ago, possibly while on a U.S. intelligence assignment.

"Although the Soviets insist that they know nothing, it is widely believed that Artamonov was kidnapped by the KGB."

The most intriguing speculation focuses on Anatoli Shcharansky, the Soviet computer expert who has been held incommunicado in a Moscow prison for more than a year because of his activities as an outspoken *refusenik*, the common nickname for Jews who have applied to Soviet officials for permission to emigrate but have been refused. Although Moscow is preparing to try Shcharansky soon, apparently on charges of anti-Soviet activity or possibly treason, Vogel has told Congressman Gilman that the Kremlin may be ready to deal for his release. The Soviets may even be willing to trade their prisoner for someone being held outside the U.S. This could replay the 1976 barter that freed Dissident Vladimir Bukovsky from his Russian cell in return for Chilean Communist Party Leader Luis Corvalán, who had been jailed by his country's ruling junta. Whatever form a Shcharansky deal may take, if one develops at all, the Carter Administration seems almost certain to resist it if it implies that Shcharansky spied for the U.S.—a charge frequently made by the Soviet press but vigorously denied by the Soviet House.



Wolfgang Vogel

NAMIBIA

Hitting SWAPO Where It Lives

To win its way in South West Africa, Pretoria gambles

South African military commanders likened it to the Israeli incursion into southern Lebanon, and so it was—on a much smaller scale. Shortly after dawn one morning last week, some 200 South African paratroopers landed by helicopter at the Angolan town of Cassinga. The town lies 155 miles north of Angola's border with Namibia—the vast territory also known as South West Africa that Pretoria has ruled for almost 60 years under an international mandate. The assault force's goal to deliver a crippling blow to SWAPO (for South West African Peoples' Organization), the radical nationalist organization whose guerrillas have been warring against the present territorial government in Namibia for eleven years.

Though the Angolan government claimed that only a refugee camp had been hit, the South Africans said they had badly damaged the SWAPO military headquarters at Cassinga; captured or destroyed large supplies of ammunition and wiped out several guerrilla posts near the border. Five of their men were killed in the twelve-hour raid, South African officials reported, while "large losses" were inflicted on the guerrillas.

The raid came only one day after a SWAPO attack on a hydroelectric station at Ruacana Falls on the Namibian side of the border. Other terrorist incidents this year have included the assassination last month of Chief Clemens Kapuuo, the black leader of a multiracial group that opposes SWAPO; the murder of several tribal leaders in Ovamboland, the planting of land mines and booby traps, and the hijacking to Angola of a bus with 73 passengers on board.

What is at stake is the kind of government that will come to power in Namibia. Under international pressure, the South Africans have agreed in principle to allow the territory to become independent. But they want to leave it in the hands of a moderate regime that will establish close ties with Pretoria and permit some kind of South African military presence to remain. The South Africans support the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance, a coalition of whites and moderate blacks, and oppose SWAPO, which is backed by most black African states and by the Soviet Union. In terms of popular support, the two groups are believed to be almost evenly matched.

To smooth the way toward independence, the five Western members of the U.N. Security Council have proposed a plan under which the U.N. would supervise Namibian elections later this year. To everybody's surprise, the South African government has accepted the plan. SWAPO, on the other hand, is calling for a conference to work out some remain-

ing details. The Western plan, for instance, would leave Namibia's security in the hands of the present South African police force during the transition period and would not require a reduction of South African troops stationed in the north until a "meaningful cessation of violence" had taken place. The plan would also defer to the new government the problem of Walvis Bay, the big harbor that geographically is part of Namibia but historically was

separate—and which South Africa wants to keep.

In effect, South African Prime Minister John Vorster has been playing the artful dodger. He is trying to mollify the Western powers by accepting their plan, but, above all, he hopes to help the Turnhalle Alliance win the elections. If that happens, the South Africans may never have to withdraw their troops and may be able to keep Walvis Bay as well. So last week's raid was a calculated gamble. Its chances of success were reduced at week's end when the U.N. Security Council voted unanimously to condemn the South Africans' incursion and to demand their withdrawal from Angola.



Gromyko and Schmidt help an unsteady Brezhnev to his feet

Have Doctors, Will Travel

The Russians are simply letting as few people as possible see him up close," So said a diplomat in Bonn, where Leonid Brezhnev arrived last week on his first trip to the West in nearly a year. It is no secret that the Soviet boss, now 71, has a long history of medical problems, which Western intelligence agencies believe may include gout, leukemia, emphysema and a heart condition that requires him to have a pacemaker. Still, the health precautions that were taken for his four-day stay were startling.

In his 150-member entourage, Brezhnev had a complete medical team (including a dentist) and a Kremlin chef to keep him on his diet. The West Germans, for their part, stocked emergency equipment and blood plasma at their official guesthouse where Brezhnev stayed; they also assigned two ambulances to his motorcade, as well as enough physicians to fill three Mercedes cars.

His schedule was kept light. At least two hours of rest were scheduled between engagements, not leaving very much time for official talks. Often Brezhnev's face appeared puffy, his movements stiff and his walk halting. He seemed to have difficulty moving the left side of his face and often slurred his words. At times he looked heavily drugged. After a picture-taking session with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, Brezhnev tried to rise from the couch where he had been sitting, and his knees buckled; he quickly grabbed Gromyko's hand, drew himself up with Schmidt's help and walked away.

At other times, however, Brezhnev seemed in better condition. At a state dinner, he pumped the hands of 300 guests; later he delivered a forceful speech denouncing the neutron bomb. For all of the speculation about the Soviet leader's medical status, the prospects for a Brezhnev visit to the U.S. later this year probably will depend more on the health of U.S.-Soviet relations.

World

RHODESIA

A Black Is Fired

Will the settlement survive?

"We've only traded one kind of isolation for another," grumbles a white merchant in Salisbury. "Whatever the cross is between Rhodesia and Zimbabwe, that's where we are."

The transition from the Rhodesia of the past to the Zimbabwe of the future has now been under way for almost two months, but the durability of Salisbury's "internal settlement" remains in doubt. The biggest challenge facing the ruling Executive Council, composed of Prime Minister Ian Smith and three black moderates, is how to bring the guerrilla armies of the Patriotic Front into the electoral process, and thereby end the continuing civil war. But in the meantime, the council has been having problems within its own ranks.

The difficulty began three weeks ago, when the new black co-minister of justice and law-and-order, Lawyer Byron Hove, 38, gave an interview. Hove is a colleague of Bishop Abel Muzorewa's, the most influential black member of the council, who had brought him home from London to serve in the new government. Noting that there were few blacks in the higher ranks of the present police force, let alone in the judiciary, Hove declared: "I don't think there is a single African in the upper echelons of my ministry." The reason, he said, was that the previous white government had wanted to keep not only political power but the best jobs in the hands of its own people.

Hove's comments were both true and reasonable, but they rubbed some whites the wrong way. Hove's white co-minister of justice, Hilary Squires, angrily attacked Hove and was soon joined by the army and police commanders, both white. The council thereupon reprimanded Hove unanimously and, after the police force threatened to strike in protest, fired him.

That set off an uproar among blacks, particularly in Muzorewa's party. The bishop, evidently surprised at the depth of the black response, claimed that he had not been present when the council voted to oust Hove. The dismayed Hove flew back to London, and the Patriotic Front's co-leader, Joshua Nkomo, announced from his base in Zambia: "The council members only have powers to sack each other." They will soon realize, he said, "that they have been taken for a ride."

Perhaps. But so far the government has not fallen apart. Last week the council announced a unilateral cease-fire under which guerrillas are guaranteed the right of safe return and of participation in elections. The plan stopped well short of what the guerrillas are demanding, however. It contained no provision, for in-

stance, for absorbing any returning guerrillas into the Rhodesian armed forces.

The council also rescinded the decade-old laws banning the guerrilla parties' political wings that are based inside Rhodesia. Both wings have been operating there more or less openly under different names anyway, and the radicals scornfully rejected the council's offer. The gesture of legalizing the parties' status, said Josiah Chinamano, the leader of Nkomo's group, was "a waste of time."

The Patriotic Front seems no more interested in seeking power through democratic means than it has in the past. But the Carter Administration still hopes that Smith and his black colleagues will sit

down at an all-parties peace conference with the front and agree to the U.S.-British plan for internationally supervised transition to majority rule through free elections. Some Washington officials thought the Hove affair, by undercutting the credibility of the internal settlement, might encourage Smith and his colleagues to join such a conference. It could also spur the Salisbury government to avoid similar embarrassments in the future and to broaden its popular support. Last week the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, another black council member, said flatly that the next two months would probably tell the story on whether the internal settlement is going to work or not.

ITALY

Again the Fear: "Moro Killed?"

A grim Red Brigades' communiqué continues the terror

"We therefore conclude the battle begun on March 16 by carrying out the verdict to which Aldo Moro was condemned."

That chilling statement at the end of the Red Brigades' "Communiqué No. 9" hit Rome like a thunderclap. Premier Giulio Andreotti interrupted a meeting with government economic experts to confer with Interior Minister Francesco Cossiga. Benigno Zaccagnini, secretary of the Christian Democratic Party, delayed a projected campaign trip for the May 14 local elections and rushed to the party headquarters in the Piazza del Gesù. In the Senate, where a debate on a bill to legalize abortion had just ended, Senators milled around in the corridors asking for

the latest news. The President of the Senate, Amintore Fanfani, drove to the home of the kidnapped politician, where Eleonora Moro has been living in virtual seclusion since her husband's abduction. The afternoon paper, *Paese Sera*, rushed out an extra edition with the black banner headline: MORO KILLED?

But there was no immediate answer to that question. The Red Brigades' message, retrieved by reporters from trash baskets in four cities after telephone calls, was found only a few hours after Italy's National Security Council rejected a proposal by Socialist Leader Bettino Craxi to grant amnesty to some minor terrorist prisoners as a concession to Moro's captors. The terrorists' rambling, two-page communiqué argued that by rejecting the exchange of 13 of their colleagues in prison, the Christian Democrats had left them with no alternative but to carry out their death sentence on Moro.

Written as it was in the present tense, the terrorists' terse concluding statement about "carrying out the verdict" seemed open to different interpretations. Had the Red Brigades really killed Aldo Moro? If so, where had the execution taken place and what had they done with his body? Communiqué No. 9 gave no details. Many politicians shared the view of Justice Minister Paolo Bonifacio: "I consider the terrorist communiqué authentic. But I don't believe the final sentence. I think it more probable that it's a terrorist gambit to heighten the tension in the country." Indeed, three weeks before, a message later disavowed by the Red Brigades but still believed to be authentic, said that Moro had been killed and his body dumped in a mountain lake. It proved to be false.

The week began with the receipt of no less than eight new handwritten letters from the former Premier. They were addressed to Italy's top political figures, including Andreotti, Fanfani, Craxi, President Giovanni Leone and Chamber of Deputies President Pietro Ingrao. The



Genoa newsman, who insisted his face not be shown, retrieving communiqué from trash bin

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World

blizzard of Moro appeals promptly raised a new mystery: was his family, like those of so many Italian kidnap victims, secretly in touch with the kidnappers? Spokesmen said no. But the letters, like some in the past, were delivered in as yet undisclosed fashion to the family and members of Moro's staff, who then passed them on to the addressees. Moro's three closest aides were called in for questioning.

In the letters, Moro appealed to each recipient to back an exchange of political prisoners. "Believe me, there is not a single minute to lose," said a letter to Craxi. Moro's pleas were followed by a

bitter public denunciation of the party by his family, who issued a statement saying the party leadership's "immobility and refusal of all initiatives ratify the death sentence. To avoid a long season of sorrow and death it is useless to deny the hard reality: one must instead confront it with clear courage."

Said the Christian Democratic daily *Il Popolo* of the party's dilemma: "A abdominal blade has been inserted at a point where affections and responsibility meet and become intertwined." But, added the paper, "for a desire to be authentic it needs as an essential condition the freedom of

whoever is expressing it." Moro's family insists, however, that he is not acting under coercion, or at least does not show the mental debilitation that some have claimed.

After consultations with its political partners, the party somewhat softened its stand in midweek. Christian Democratic leaders suggested that in the event of Moro's release, the government would "find some form of generosity and clemency." That said, they tossed the ball to the government, which once again announced its intention to stand firm. And then came Communiqué No. 9. ■

The Quiet Life of the Rich

It was one of those rare times when life and art not only converged but paused to entwine and intermingle. For the lovely and the loaded in Italy, *La Dolce Vita* of Federico Fellini's 1959 cinema masterpiece really did exist. It was served up in 1,001 nights of frenetic cafe hopping along Rome's Via Veneto, swathed in the smart fashions of Florence and Rome and recorded by swarms of flash-happy paparazzi. The era was dominated by members of Rome's "black aristocracy" (families that received their noble titles by papal decree) and by an international coterie of movie stars. They came to the Eternal City both to play and to work at the thriving Cinecittà, the nearby studio complex where so many U.S. films were produced that it was nicknamed "Hollywood on the Tiber."

Today Cinecittà stands half darkened, and *la vita*, even for the increasing few who can afford indulgences, is measurably less *dolce*. There is no dearth of luxurious living at many of the traditional haunts of wealth—from the shimmering playgrounds of Sardinia's Costa Smeralda to Rome's exclusive men's club, Circolo della Caccia, where last week as usual the preluncheon aperitifs were being served by waiters dressed in white stockings, blue knee breeches and silver-buckled coats.

The epidemic of kidnaps and other violence directed against Italy's rich has had its effect. Since the beginning of last year, there have been 90 kidnaps, with ransoms of \$1 million or more being paid on at least two occasions. The flamboyance of the moneyed life-style has all but disappeared. So have a good many of the rich. Said U.S.-born Countess Consuelo Crespi before moving to New York City in 1976: "In Italy now you want to feel rich and look poor." Sales of Rolls-Royces have fallen off to nearly half their level of a year ago. The miles of nightclub neon that used to light up the Roman nights have dimmed to a mere two stylish spots, Jackie-O's on week nights and The First on weekends. "Rich people now only entertain at home, and they don't want us," complains Photographer Umberto Pizzi. Says Designer Principessa Helietta Caracciolo: "Actually, the rich are in hiding."

Hiding—and the various security devices that make it possible—has become a major growth industry. Automobile

dealers sell armor-plated cars, mostly unobtrusive sedans, as fast as they arrive from the factory. Shops that specialize in converting existing cars into four-wheeled fortresses have a backlog of service orders (cost: \$7,000 for a compact Fiat 127, \$30,000 for a Rolls-Royce). Some 400 firms have assembled a private army of 20,000 security men and women who hire out as bodyguards to wealthy clients for \$115 to \$230 a day each. Even having a guard dog requires a major investment: a trained German shepherd sells for \$5,740, and last year Italians bought \$7 million worth of them. Though kidnapping insurance is banned by law, many industrialists carry "K" risk policies written in Britain and West Germany (premium: \$40,000 a year for \$1 million coverage).

Largely because of the kidnapping threat, more and more wealthy Italians have decided to leave altogether or at least set up a residence somewhere outside the country. They choose places as far away as Caracas or as close as Lugano, just across the border in Switzerland. For many, the question is not so much the destination as it is how to get out of Italy with the means of supporting themselves in the manner to which they would like to become reacquainted. Most succeed in spite of the law forbidding Italian residents to take more than \$800 in lire out of the country. But authorities have started cracking down. Last month actress Sophia Loren and her husband, Producer Carlo Ponti, were charged with having illegally transferred several million dollars abroad.

For those who stay, the ideal life-style has undergone a kind of genteel greening. There is a new concern about ecology, with Susanna Agnelli (sister of Fiat President Gianni) continuing to lead a campaign to preserve the wildlife of Porto Santo Stefano, the Tuscan coastal town that she serves as mayor. Rome Art Dealer Derna Quarel recalls meeting several young members of the Frescobaldi and Antinori wine families who boasted of having joined in a grape harvest, including barefoot trampling of the fruit. In Rome last Christmas, a financially strapped family of the nobility threw a picnic in their palazzo to which guests were invited to bring their own liquor. "They were very casual about it—people were wearing jeans and pearls, and everyone had a great time," says Quarel. "The rich miss the old days, but they learn to live without them. They disappear and wait for times to change." Perhaps that is what makes them different from everyone else.



Gina Lollobrigida with watchdogs

World

AFGHANISTAN

Marx and Allah

The new regime takes shape

Soviet-built T-62 tanks of the Afghan army guarded the main streets and principal government buildings of Kabul last week, but on many of them the turrets were draped with garlands and the gun tubes incongruously sprouted flowers. Classes resumed at Kabul University, and the rug merchants in the bazaars haggled over prices with all of their prerevolutionary aggressiveness. About the only gunfire that could be heard in the city came when the newspapers reappeared. Citizens were so curious about the Communist reformers who in a bloody, 36-hour battle had toppled the feckless, dynastic government led by President Mohammed Daoud that they literally scrambled for the first post-coup editions. On one truck, troops who had a few copies were besieged that they fired in the air in self-defense.

By week's end the new regime was already operating—"in the name of Allah," as its communiqués put it—out of temporary headquarters in the government radio station. Afghanistan's customary seat of power, the sprawling Royal Palace compound in the heart of Kabul, was un-



Prime Minister Noor Mohammed Taraki; troops manning checkpoint in Kabul

Afghan neutrality, Soviet-made tanks and trouble for anyone linked to the Zahirs.

usable. During the coup, the elegant mansions that had been occupied by Daoud and his advisers since they themselves seized power in 1973 were battered by a ring of rebel tanks supported by rocketing planes. Daoud, his aides, their wives and children, and many members of the 2,000-man palace guard were either killed as the compound fell or executed afterward.

By title at least, it appeared that the top man in the new regime would be the Prime Minister, Noor Mohammed Taraki, 61. He is a soft-spoken novelist and journalist who was once (1952-53) an attaché at the Afghan embassy in Washington. More recently, as leader of the 15,000-member Khalq (Masses) Party, Afghanistan's principal Communist



faction, Taraki led a campaign against the domination of the long powerful Mohammed Zahir family, to which both Daoud and the cousin-King he had deposed belonged. Taraki was periodically imprisoned for his activities; indeed, he was in jail when the coup erupted two weeks ago, and one reason that the plotters hit the presidential palace so hard was to free him before Daoud could have him murdered.

The three military men who actually led the putsch got important portfolios in Taraki's 21-member Cabinet: Air Force Colonel Abdul Kadir became Defense Minister; Lieut. Colonel Mohammed Rafi, whose tanks spearheaded the palace assault, was named Public Works Minister; and Major Mohammed Aslam was designated Communications Minister and Second Deputy Prime Minister. The remaining appointees were civilians, among them Hafisullah Amin, a one-time Columbia University student, who was named Foreign Minister, and Amahita Prateebad, who as Director of Social Welfare becomes Afghanistan's first woman minister. To broaden the new faction's base outside Kabul, a National Revolutionary Council was formed. Taraki will be chairman of the council; the deputy chairman will be Babrak Kamal, a general's son reputed to be the most hard-line Moscow Communist in the Khalq Party.

The regime appealed to have support among Afghanistan's gradually emerging middle class, and it pointedly included

members drawn from the Uzbeks, Tadzhiks, Hazaras and other Afghan tribes who had been allowed little voice in the country's affairs by the Mohammed Zahir. Reported TIME Correspondent Lawrence Malkin from Kabul: "The regime's first priority seems to be to root out the family's influence wherever it is found. Anyone remotely related to the Mohammed Zahirs is in trouble at work. One example: a security man from the new government, accompanied by a soldier with a submachine gun, walked into the lobby of the Inter-Continental Hotel and went to the manager's office. Since his wife was a relative of Daoud's and he had obviously got his job through his connections, he was told he was fired. He cleared out of his office, following a tearful goodbye from his staff, that afternoon. The regime's chief aim seems to be domestic reform, including cheaper food and better housing and education. The leadership is plainly aware that it has raised the hopes of the desperately poor in Afghanistan and will have to deliver the goods."

All of the Cabinet officers belong to Taraki's Khalq Party and are leftists. At a press conference at week's end, Taraki denied that his revolution meant a Communist takeover in Kabul. Stressing Afghan independence and neutrality, he said: "We will be good friends with any government that will support us economically and politically—including the U.S."

Though there is no evidence that Moscow either instigated or assisted the coup, it was the first capital to recognize Taraki's regime. The Soviets, who have a 1,281-mile common border with Afghanistan, were clearly pleased.

Officials in Iran and Pakistan, which also share borders with Afghanistan, felt different. All three countries are beset by dissident Baluchistan tribesmen who want to set up an independent state of their own. Daoud resisted this demand: Iran, which puts up \$5 billion a year in development projects to keep its own Baluchis happy, returned Daoud's favor by agreeing to pay for, among other things, a \$2 billion railroad that would link Afghanistan with Iran's railway system. Iran is concerned that the new government may change Kabul's Baluchi policy.

Like the Iranians, the Carter Administration wanted to let the Taraki regime come into clearer focus before moving to extend recognition. One State Department official described the Washington reaction as "worried, but not biting our nails with anxiety." That could change if the Khalq clique decided to broaden its purge too far in order to eradicate the feudalism that kept the Mohammed Zahirs in power for generations. If that happened, a civil war without flowers could break out, giving Moscow a chance to make mischief in an often turbulent part of the world that has recently been enjoying a period of rare stability. ■

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World

MIDDLE EAST

Perils of Peace Keeping

A U.N. officer's plaint: "Everyone's shooting at everyone"

The 3,992 United Nations soldiers on duty in southern Lebanon were supposed to be peace keepers, controlling a buffer zone between the Palestinian guerrillas and the Israeli forces, which have now pulled back to a six-mile-wide belt just to the north of the border. But last week the largest of the U.N. contingents, the 1,223 French paratroopers under Colonel Jean-Germain Salvan, found themselves caught in the Middle East's bloody cycle of violence and revenge.

The incident began without warning when a French unit intercepted four armed Arabs near Tyre, the ancient coastal city (pop. 30,000) that serves as a base for many of the Palestinians in southern Lebanon. Someone—each side blamed the other—opened fire; two of the Arabs were killed. A previously unknown group that calls itself the Popular Front for the Liberation of the South from Occupation and Fascism promised revenge. The

group is believed by some authorities to be made up not of Palestinians but of Lebanese fighters allied with Dr. George Habbash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

Regardless of who was responsible, the revenge came swiftly. The next day terrorists ambushed a French U.N. vehicle two miles northeast of Tyre, wounding one French soldier. Even as Colonel Salvan, a tough, one-eyed veteran of Viet Nam and Algeria, was listening to reports of the incident, another band of terrorists opened fire on his headquarters. The French shot back, not quite sure whom they were fighting, and for half an hour a firefight raged. "I have never seen such a confused battle," a French soldier said later. "Everyone was shooting at everyone."

In the meantime, Salvan, a Palestinian liaison officer and two French soldiers jumped aboard two Jeeps and raced to-

ward the scene of the earlier ambush. Less than a mile away, they too were attacked. With the reflexes of an old hand at guerrilla warfare, Salvan rolled out of his Jeep on the side away from the firing. Even so, he was hit twelve times, including ten times in the legs. All told, the clashes took the lives of two French troops, one Senegalese, one Palestinian and reportedly four Lebanese terrorists.

The Palestine Liberation Organization, which claims the allegiance of 90% of the estimated 14,000 Palestinian fighters in Lebanon, moved quickly to assure the U.N. that it deplored the incident and would crack down on the group responsible for it. Among the surgeons attending Salvan was Dr. Fathi Arafat, Yasser's brother, one of Salvan's first visitors was the P.L.O. boss himself, bearing flowers. Arafat, who has been sounding unusually moderate of late, ordered Palestinian groups to keep calm, and Salvan broadcast an appeal to his men: "I am asking that no one should take revenge on my behalf." Alarmed by the rising disorder, the U.N. Security Council voted to increase the size of the U.N. force in southern Lebanon from 4,000 to 6,000. ■



While paratroopers stand at attention, French officer honors bodies of ambushed soldiers; other victims recovering in Israeli hospital

West Bank Crackdown II

As a consequence of an incident that shook all of Israel in late March, Defense Minister Ezer Weizman last week abruptly removed Brigadier General David Hagoel, 49, as chief of the 2,200-man Israeli occupation force on the Jordan River's West Bank. At the same time the commander and deputy commander of the Bethlehem military district, a lieutenant colonel and a major, were ordered to be court-martialed for "an infringement of existing orders."

Weizman's move stemmed from an episode involving Israeli forces on the West Bank who were overzealously cracking down to discourage Arab protests against the incursion into South Lebanon. At Beit Jala, a village five miles south of Jerusalem, a group of soldiers entered the local Arab high school, ordered the students to shut their windows and then tossed cans of U.S.-made anti-riot gas into some rooms. A number of students leaped out of second-floor windows to escape the choking gas; ten

were hospitalized with various fractures, some crippling.

The Beit Jala incident gained national attention in Israel when it was reported by TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief Donald Neff, who was the first journalist to investigate the episode. A spokesman for the Israel Defense Forces, citing a "thorough" probe of the matter, heatedly maintained that there was "no truth whatsoever" in TIME's account. Israelis accepted that explanation. The Tel Aviv daily *Ma'ariv* implied, falsely, that Neff had never visited Beit Jala.

But Weizman diligently pressed his own probe. It both confirmed Neff's report and showed that the officers concerned had tried to cover the incident up. The Israeli press reacted to Weizman's conclusions with shock—and approval. Said *Ma'ariv* last week: "It is hard to say which is more serious, the deeds that were perpetrated in the Beit Jala school in contravention of orders and of any human decency, or the attempt to escape responsibility by a false report." No less surprised were the West Bank Arabs. Said Jabra Arag, a Beit Jala physician: "It is a great credit to Weizman that even in occupation, democracy can prevail."

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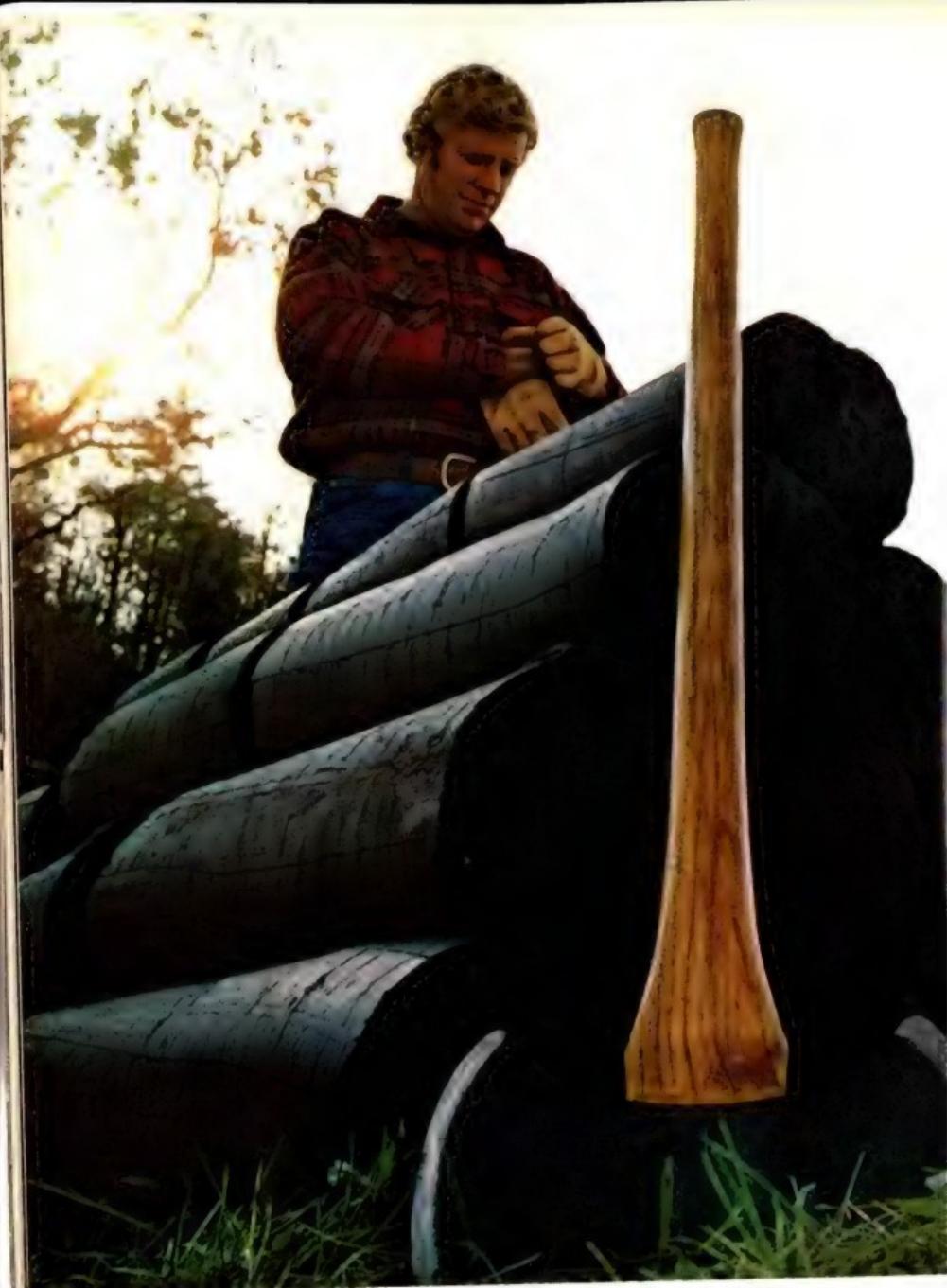
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World

ISRAEL

Reflections on an Anniversary

Three views of how a reality mirrors the dream

With parades and prayers, toasts and tears of joy, Israelis this week will celebrate the 30th anniversary of the founding of the Jewish state. For many if not most Jews, the birth of Israel was a dream come true, a promise fulfilled. But how, since then, have the dream and the promise fared? After four terrible wars, Israel is only a few steps closer to peace with its Arab neighbors and must decide which is the greater threat to its survival: intransigence or conciliation. Facing serious social and economic problems, Israel has become a society policing more than 1 million Arabs in occupied territories. Has this affected the fulfillment of the founders' dreams?

Last week, TIME asked three leading Israeli intellectuals who hold quite different views to reflect on the contrast, as they saw it, between the dream of Israel and the reality. Novelist Amos Oz, 39 (My Michael, The Hill of Evil Counsel), is a dove; member of a kibbutz in the Jerusalem corridor, he served in a tank unit during Israel's last two wars. Shmuel Katz, 63, was a comrade of Menachem Begin in the underground Irgun movement; a Herut Party member of the Knesset and an Israeli superhero, he resigned as the Premier's foreign information adviser to protest Begin's moves toward peace. Former Major General Aharon Yariv, 57, was chief of military intelligence from 1964 to 1972, a middle-of-the-roader, he heads the Institute for Strategic Studies at Tel Aviv University. Their responses:

OZ / UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION

Shortly after the October Revolution, a Russian Jew, businessman and poet named Alexander Klausner fled from Odessa to Vilna. He was one of the early Zionists who believed wholeheartedly that the time had come for the Jews to return to the land of their ancestors. In his poems, he described the renaissance of the Jews in that beloved land of eternal sunshine, where streets are paved with emeralds and where there is an angel at every street corner and where God Himself, old but fit, strolls the streets of Jerusalem with his walking stick in the evening like a devoted senior citizen. In Jerusalem, so believed this businessman-poet, the Jews would become a normal and healthy people of peasants and soldiers and then even surely an exemplary nation, "a light unto the nations," pioneers of universal redemption.

Yet, when fleeing from Russia, he did not turn to the Promised Land but settled down in Poland, because the living conditions in Palestine at the time struck him as un-European, uncivilized and even somewhat Asiatic. Alas, the Poles and Lithuanians turned out to be almost as bad as the Bolsheviks. "Go to Palestine, you sickness of Europe," they told him. And so, he finally settled in Jerusalem, while his elder son went on lecturing on comparative literature at Vilna University until the Nazis came and slaughtered him and his family. In Jerusalem Alexander Klausner went on writing his Russian poems about the beauty of the emeralds with which the streets of Jerusalem were not paved.

When his grandson was born in Jerusalem, Alexander Klausner told him that one day Jewish Jerusalem would blossom into a true city, true probably meaning European, with a river and a cathedral and thick woods round about. This boy was expected to be a new leaf, an Israeli tough and simple, cleansed of



"Zionism has been a diagnosis, a prescription and a therapy. It is a slow and painful process, nevertheless enchanted..."

Jewish neurosis. The story has no ending because I am that boy.

For me, that long and sad love affair between Europe and ourselves, Christians and Jews, is over. My simplistic interpretation of Jewish liberation is this: I would prefer to live in a world with 100 civilizations and not a single nation-state. In fact, the Jews have demonstrated this pattern for thousands of years. Living in a little beleaguered nation-state makes me feel like an old man in a kindergarten. Yet I should stick to it for as long as everyone else in the neighborhood is going to have a lock on his door, bars on his windows, guns, airplanes and what not. I am going to have the same and even more. I am determined to play the bloody game according to its bloody rules.

That is as far as my Zionism goes: beyond that, holy ancestral tombs mean very little to me. And yet it would be stupid to say that the name of the game is survival or security: the name of the game is universal redemption. For as long as I live, I shall be thrilled by all those who came

to the Promised Land to turn it either into a pastoral paradise of egalitarian Tolstoyan communes, or into a well-educated, middle-class Central European enclave, a replica of Austria and Bavaria. Or those who wanted to raise a Marxist paradise, who built kibbutzim on biblical sites and secretly yearned for Stalin himself to come one day to admit that "Bloody Jews, you have done it better than we did."

I would not like to produce the impression that Zionism is a mystical poetry — far from that. Zionism has been a diagnosis, a prescription and a therapy. It is a slow and painful process, nevertheless enchanted, precisely because of the tensions, the ambivalence of the Israeli condition, the variety of visions and the pain of realities. The Israeli demand is absolute: either they have the best country in the world, the purest, the fulfillment of the highest moral standards, or else there is a total disillusionment.

Paradoxically, the outside world tends to view Israel with much the same perspective. Either you perform an eternal miracle to be the best of us, to show us the way, or else the show has failed, and we want our money back.

Israel, in reality, is a volcano in action. No longer a tribe and not yet a nation, no longer Orthodox Judaism and not yet a new civilization. Gone is the messianic belief in one redeeming formula; yet to be discovered is the gradual way toward recovery. The conflict with the surrounding Arab world helped, ironically, to establish, to strengthen and to integrate Israel as one community. But peace has become an imperative need, precisely for those Zionists whose vision consists, not of a miraculous messianic formula, but of a slow painful therapy for a very old and very sick nation.

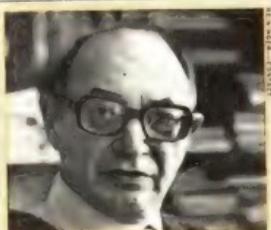
KATZ / KEEPING A BALANCE

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, like all the idealists of his generation, would be most unhappy at some of the standards in today's international relations. He would be appalled, for example, at the way great Western powers dance to the political tune of their Arab oil-suppliers. He would certainly be unhappy at the tremendous burdens placed on his people in Israel in withstanding the intransigent and unscrupulous determination of the "Arab world" to eliminate the Jewish state.

But there is little he could fault in the measures Israel has had to adopt to ensure her survival. He would recall that Israel's problems since her birth have been compounded by his own error in assuming that giving away territory to the Arabs would bring peace. Weizmann in 1947, in proposing the partition of Eretz Israel, failed to grasp that the Arab purpose was not to make a deal of land for peace but to eliminate the Jewish state.

The response of the Arab states was the invasion of 1948 (after they had persuaded most of the Arab population in Israel to evacuate—and thus made them

World



"The notion that there has been a 'militarization' of the people of Israel is a convenient refuge of armchair theorists."

"refugees"). Only by a superhuman effort and monstrously heavy casualties did the Jewish state survive its birth. The Arabs continued to harass her, by organized economic boycott, by diplomatic pressure, by unbridled propaganda, by systematic indoctrination of their populations with the theme of Israel's extermination as a patriotic and moral imperative.

By 1967 the Arab states were ready to attack again. [After the Six-Day War], the Arab states began their campaign to get Israel to withdraw once more into its ten-mile-wide deathtrap, the 1949 armistice lines. Their pressures are worldwide; they exploit the oil weapon and promote a many-pronged campaign of terror by the P.L.O., whose most famous initiatives—from across the borders—have been the murder of civilians.

Jewish settlements are perfectly legitimate and legal in all of Western Palestine—Juden und Samaria which Jordan had renamed the West Bank—indeed also on the Golan Heights and in Sinai, even if Israel's rights were only those of an occupying power under the Geneva Convention. In Judea and Samaria, Israel's rights are incontestable. Israel has the right to sovereignty over the whole of Western Palestine. She derives this right from the exclusive association of the Jews as a people with their homeland in Palestine, sustained by a continuous and unchallenged claim, by a continuous presence even during 1,800 years of exile. The right is also enshrined in modern international law, beginning with the mandate in 1922 created for the purpose of "reconstituting" the national Jewish home in Palestine.

The huge Arab Moslem empire contains many minorities—non-Arab or non-Moslem. Why then should it be impossible for 1% of the Arab nation to live as a minority in the Jewish homeland, where history has thrown the two peoples together? Many Jews do not like the idea of a large Arab minority; it is certainly no ideal solution, but for the Arabs it is no tragedy. They could enjoy the full rights of citizens, with a high degree of ethnic autonomy and with any one of five

Arab states within a few score miles of their homes.

The notion that there has been a "militarization" of the people of Israel is a convenient refuge of armchair theorists. Despite the burdens of military service and heavy taxation, perhaps because of these burdens, the Israeli has refused to become militarized. There is nobody who does not see military preoccupations and manifestations except as an unfortunate necessity, and who does not pray for their earliest possible end.

No doubt, Hebrew cultural values would have flourished to the highest degree made feasible by their natural habitat if the nation were not distracted by the dictates of the Arabs' intransigence and territorial greed. But as a nation, we have kept our cultural balance. I believe we have the spiritual resources to do so until the Arabs realize that peace is their best policy as well as ours.

YARIV / PEOPLE OF PURPOSE

Thirty years ago, invading Egyptian armor columns smashed a kibbutz in the Negev. The only surviving sign, which hung from the top of the ruined water tower, stated: NOT THE TANK WILL WIN—BUT THE HUMAN BEING.

Israel still faces the same problems she faced on the eve of independence: the need to establish an advanced society, where the individual will find happiness and satisfaction, a Jewish society where human beings will not suffer from dehumanization and depersonification, a community where people will not only be bearers of the Star of David flag, but will be the purpose of the state's very existence—all this accompanied by a constant effort to ensure our survival.

For thousands of years we had a romance with God while strolling in the deserts of the Middle East. For thousands of years we had a love affair with Eretz Israel—the land of Israel. During all our history, we Jews enshrined the value of the human being. Israel's main problem remains how to fulfill those values in a Jewish community living independently on the soil of her ancient homeland.

Despite Nazi genocide, the struggle to survive in the Middle East and the absorption of millions of refugees, Israel's balance sheet after only 30 years is very positive. No doubt it is not the balance sheet we expected or wanted. If Israel's first President, Professor Chaim Weizmann, were alive today, he would be disturbed and disappointed, even though our achievement is of great historic meaning.

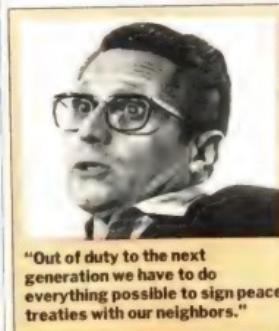
A sometimes too rapid development without proper planning created a gap between what was vital and necessary for the national existence and what people wanted to improve their standard of living. It is no sin for a human being to long for better living conditions, but Israeli society, as a whole, grabbed at materialistic symbols while establishing a moral justification: "We who are ready to sacrifice

our lives for the state should enjoy life." The state was cornered into granting its citizens all the privileges that this century can offer: it caused us considerable damage. Mainly, we lost the old spirit of pioneering, and we did not succeed in replacing it with a new spirit of pioneering suitable to circumstances of present-day society.

In 1948-49 it almost looked as if the basic goals of Zionism had been carried out when the state was born. Reality taught us all that the struggle for survival as Jews as well as Israelis did not come to an end in '48. To face external dangers, we established, out of pure necessity, an industrial-military complex, and we had to rely on foreign aid. From an intimate, small society we tried to establish an advanced, sophisticated, technologically minded community. The political internal structure left the main role of governing the state in the hands of small, powerful political-economic groups.

After 30 years we are 3 million Jews. We have advanced industry and agriculture and a highly developed labor force. This brought even our neighbor, President Sadat, to the conclusion that there will not be a military solution to the Middle East problem but only a political one. We have to make a maximum effort to sign peace treaties with our neighbors, at least with Egypt. Still, it should not be peace at any cost. We need vital elements of security to save us from future threats, though we should be prepared for territorial concessions on all fronts.

Israel has the power—not only military power—that will give her the strength to face the perils of a unique, independent Jewish society trying to survive in the Middle East while living in peaceful relations with its surrounding neighbors. Will we manage? It depends mostly on our national leaders, who should know how to determine the right priorities and to act accordingly. They must make use of the chances for peace that are arising above the battlefields' horizons.



"Out of duty to the next generation we have to do everything possible to sign peace treaties with our neighbors."



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Music

Mitty Maestro

Conductor Bergen Who?

It is one of the strangest musical customs in New York City. Three or four times a year, Charlotte Bergen, a wealthy recluse from Bernardsville, N.J., rents Carnegie Hall and conducts a free concert. She hires the American Symphony Orchestra and various soloists, gets out her 2-ft.-long baton and mounts the podium as maestro for the day—paying some \$40,000 for the Mittyesque experience. She has no formal training in conducting. Also she is a frail woman of 81 encumbered with a heavy back brace.

But when Bergen stepped slowly out onstage and gave the downbeat for her latest concert, she was greeted with the re-



Charlotte Bergen rehearsing her orchestra
"See you next time."

spect due a serious musician both by members of the symphony and old fans in the 2,800-member capacity audience. Bergen proved to be no Solti on the podium—she gave few entrance or dynamic cues—but she kept the symphony marching along smartly to her emphatic beat through the Brahms and Schumann program. It was good, solid music, capped with a rousing run through a Brahms' Hungarian Dance that had the audience clapping along in approval. Said one musician: "She does amazingly well at getting the continuity and the overall interpretation right."

If Bergen has realized the great dream of amateur conductors everywhere, she owes it to her money as well as to her art. Her mother was a Gardiner (the clan

that has owned a private island off Long Island since 1639). She grew up in a 23-room mansion on her family's estate—where she still lives—and was raised on cello lessons, parlor musical soirees and concerts at Carnegie Hall.

At times, watching Toscanini conduct, she recalls wondering, "How would it feel to wave that little stick around?" But the will to conduct came only a decade ago, after her Roman Catholic parish church asked her help in improving its choir. "Gradually," she says, "I became aware that one could put instruments together with the choir and produce wider horizons of sound." She fell in love with the ability to create that rich sound, so much more dramatic than her single cello line. The next step was to try her hand with a symphony. That decided, she never thought twice about Carnegie Hall. Says she: "It has the acoustics, the tradition, my childhood memories—everything right there."

After her concerts, Bergen greets well-wishers backstage: about 5,000 fans are on her mailing list for concert information: 4,300 requested tickets for this concert. "God bless you," some tell her. "See you next time," she replies. Then she heads back to New Jersey with her nurse, full-time companion and chauffeur. ■

Into the Light

One hesitates to bring up Linda Ronstadt. But . . .

Until now, if you have heard of Karla Bonoff at all, it is likely to have been by way of Linda Ronstadt, and in parentheses at that. Snugly encased, Bonoff's writing credit appears right after the title of three of the best songs Ronstadt has recently recorded. Ronstadt deals tough and tender justice to such Bonoff ballads as *Someone to Lay Down Beside Me* and *Lose Again*.

Now Linda Ronstadt sets a daunting standard and casts a long shadow. But watch while Karla Bonoff comes out, all on her own, into the light.

A first album, called simply *Karla Bonoff*, has so far sold over a quarter of a million copies, a surprisingly strong first-time showing—even considering the endorsement, and occasional vocal contributions, of Karla's friend Linda Jackson Browne picked Bonoff to open his latest concert tours, and after seven weeks of stomping the South, Southwest and Midwest, she could finally start singing *Someone to Lay Down Beside Me* without having the audience suspect that she had copied one of Ronstadt's set pieces.

Besides all the obvious advantages, a superstar's patronage can have risks. Bad enough to have audiences believing that you have knocked off the reigning

empress of sunsweet, Southern California rock. But it's worse having to take some of her knocks. Bonoff's first album was greeted with widely enthusiastic reviews. A flintheart might, however, worry about an occasionally unreliable voice and a tendency, like Ronstadt's, toward a mood of languid victimization, as when the heartsore protagonist of *Falling Star* confides: "It rains a lot inside my heart."

More often, though, Bonoff's songs are at once genuinely poignant and strong-willed, with lines of startling grace: "The people I've seen! They come in between! The cities of tiring life." Put lyrics like that together with a typically luxuriant Bonoff melody and there are clear indications of a formidable talent. Watch her perform in her still uncertain way, singing sweet and simple, and sometimes



Karla Bonoff in concert

"Comin' back for more."

flashing her fast, foxy smile, and there are strong intimations of stardom.

Bonoff, 26, has been making preparations for that eventuality—no, say likelihood—during most of the past decade. Born in Los Angeles, raised in Westwood right next to the U.C.L.A. campus, Karla spent her early years "being into clothes and stuff." At 16, however, she started lining up on Mondays outside the Troubadour in L.A. to audition material for hoot night and catch early performances by James Taylor and Jackson Browne. "The music scene was first attractive for social life," Bonoff recalls now. "I was bored with the other kids in high school and becoming kind of a hippie."

Karla tried U.C.L.A. for six weeks, got her boyfriend. Bassist Kenny Edwards (a

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Music

mainstay of the Ronstadt band), to write her English papers, then dropped out. The pair formed a group called Bryndle with Wendy Waldman and Andrew Gold, cut one unreleased album and ended up playing for rent money in a bar near the airport. "We did Top 40 stuff like *Jumpin' Jack Flash* and *I Want to Take You Higher*," she says, adding, "At least my piano playing got stronger."

After the group disbanded in 1971, Bonoff began writing—a mostly arduous process. "My more emotional side comes out when I write," she says. "All these songs, a lot of them sad songs, were real—not real stories, but about real emotions I didn't even know I was feeling until I wrote the songs." *Someone to Lay Down Beside Me* was written after watching the afternoon soaps. The lyric took 20 minutes, but usually it all comes a lot harder than that. Says Bonoff: "I'll play the melody over and over, and words will just come out of my mouth. When I feel they're good, I write them down." After a while she started going back to the Troubadour, trying out her new material. She also played a tape of *Love Again* for Ronstadt, who took six months to decide on the song. "Hey, you know that's real good," Bonoff remembers Ronstadt saying. "What else have you got?"

Just now, Bonoff is winding down from all those concert gigs puttering around her Woodland Hills house, watering plants and trying not to fret.

Just now, she is worrying over material for a new album. Touring has put a crimp into her writing and, along with the highs of audience enthusiasm, Bonoff also experienced some of the rigors of road life. "All this," she comments, "was a lot more fun before it became a career." In Miami, hotel maids made off with her jewelry, and Bonoff, in unusual dudgeon, sought reprisal in classic rock-n-roll style: trashing the hotel room. "I started throwing stuff all around," she recalls, "but nothing broke. It was all made of plastic. I just gave up."

Later, however, during a quiet moment, she came up with a sassy new tune called *Trouble Again*.

*Well you think I would have learned by now
And I'd keep away from you somehow
Cause just like a little child
I keep comin' back for more
And baby when you call today
Don't you know that I'll come out and play
I never really was a bad girl
But you got me in trouble again*

Sarcastic, funny and sexy, *Trouble Again* is just the kind of song Karla Bonoff says she wants right now: "more humorous, less dreamy-eyed." Linda won't get this one, and Karla will not need to give it up or even loan it out. It's all hers. All the way.

—Jay Cocks



Bergen and O'Neal: yes, there is love after *Love Story*



Eisenhower and Kennedy: if one goes in, the other stays out

People

"I thought I was due for a pleasant film experience," says **Candice Bergen**, who was last seen slugging it out with **Giancarlo Giannini** in Italian Director **Lina Wertmüller's** feminist treatise, *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain*. This time the title is a cinch—*Oliver's Story*. A continuation of *Love Story*, it also stars **Ryan O'Neal**, who falls in love with Marcie Bowan, an executive in her family's department store. Alas, Oliver and Marcie do not wind up together. "She's a woman who works, who wants a relationship, but not at the expense of her life," says Bergen, 32, adding sweetly, "like most of us."

Once he was a graceful Gold Glove outfielder and .300 hitter for the St. Louis Cardinals, earning \$90,000 a year. But when the Cardinals tried to trade **Curt Flood** to the Philadelphia Phillies in 1969, he filed a suit challenging baseball's reserve system. Said he: "I am a man, not a consignment of goods to be bought and sold." The Supreme Court upheld the reserve system, and an angry Flood quit baseball, drifting around the world, tending his own bar on the Spanish island of Majorca and painting portraits for \$350 and up. Now that baseball players are free at last, Flood, 40, has returned to the game as a radio broadcaster for the Oakland A's. "I'm as nervous as a rookie," he said before his debut, where he made a hit with his delivery but struck out on analysis. "I've been kidded," he said modestly, "that my job is to catch foul balls headed for the booth."



Joey Travolta tries show biz

amovie contract. Joey has also cut his first single. The title: *I Don't Want to Go Where Joey*. Where?

Robert F. Kennedy Jr. knows tough competition when he sees it. "If he goes into politics, I stay out," he announced, eyeing **David Eisenhower**. The two got together in Manhattan at the invitation of a new magazine, *Your Place*, which has published an interview with each of them. Both Robert, 24, and David, 30, admit that coming from prominent political families poses problems. Robert, a student at the London School of Economics, recalls the "white rage" he felt when he was a Harvard un-

dergraduate and a lecturer described **JFK** as "macho, a Harvard jock type." But overall, he concedes that being a Kennedy means "the balance is in my favor." As for David, who is living with his wife **Juliie** near her father's complex at San Clemente and writing a biography of his grandfather, he says that something of **like** must have rubbed off on him: "I don't feel pressured as intensely anywhere else as on a golf course," he told *Your Place*. "A 3-ft putt is really a test of your moral and intellectual capacity."

On the Record

A. Bartlett Giamatti, the new president of Yale University: "In 15 years, Yale will be more expensive; there will be 1 million fewer 18-year-olds; the capacity to place Ph.D.s will be rarer; the young faculty is increasingly in despair. But we cannot retreat into a siege mentality."

John Ehrlichman, former presidential assistant who just got out of jail on Richard Nixon: "I have done my time. I don't think he is ever going to stop doing his time."

Lord Kenneth Clark, narrator of TV's *Civilisation*: "I still go to Chartres cathedral each year and to the Parthenon every three years. Very good. Keeps your standards high."



Flood turns broadcaster

Environment

Saving the Snake River

Andrus and Redford cruise for the raptors



Redford and Andrus relaxing during Snake River float trip

Rising in the mountains of Wyoming and flowing sinuously northwestward to its meeting with the Columbia, the Snake River traverses some of the most beautiful country in the American West. Perhaps none of the scenery through which it flows is more impressive than Idaho's Snake River Birds of Prey Natural Area, a 33-mile stretch of water bordered on both sides by high-rise towers of volcanic rock and sheer sandstone cliffs, and inhabited by the densest nesting population of raptors, or birds of prey, anywhere in the world. Golden eagles perch on inaccessible crags; prairie and peregrine falcons launch themselves from cliff faces and soar into the high, crystalline desert sky. Eleven other species of raptor, from the diminutive robin-size kestrel, or sparrow hawk, to the stocky great horned owl, make their homes and raise their offspring in the canyon.

Many of these birds are old friends to

Cecil Andrus, who was twice elected Governor of Idaho before moving to Washington to become Secretary of the Interior last year. He revisited them last week, floating down the Snake in an inflatable rubber "snout boat" and heading to shore frequently to stop and survey the vistas. "I've been watching that old bird for years," said Andrus as he removed his battered sietsion and stooped to peer through a telescope at a golden eagle perched like a gargoyle on a precipice. The eagle was not the only acquaintance Andrus renewed on the trip, which was organized by a private, nonprofit group called the Nature Conservancy to bring attention to the encroachments of civilization on the Snake. Earlier that day, the Secretary and Actor-Conservationist Robert Redford, a longtime ally who joined Andrus on the trip, had watched as a pair of prairie falcons performed aerobatics against a background

of vertical cliffs. Later the two strolled along the riverbank and discussed, among other things, the need for educating Americans to appreciate the value of their natural resources. "Too often," said Redford, "we don't realize what we have until after it's gone."

Drifting along under a hot sun, taking a turn at rowing one of the unwieldy rubber boats and scrambling up the sage-covered slopes of side canyons, Andrus clearly enjoyed himself on his two-day holiday from the office. So did the three dozen others in the six-boat party, including Idaho Governor John Evans and his wife Lola. But the purpose of the cruise was business as well as pleasure. Both the natural area and its high-flying inhabitants are endangered, and the river trip marked the kickoff of a joint public and private campaign to save them. "These birds are valuable, important even to the people who never come here to look at them," said Andrus. "They are wild and free and make us all a little richer and freer just by existing."

The nesting sites of the birds were given some legal protection when the land was officially recognized as a natural area by the Interior Department in 1971. But the raptors' prey base—the lands necessary to furnish the far-ranging predators with the ground squirrels, rabbits and other small animals necessary to their survival—was not. Now, expanded farming has reduced the amount of small game in the lands on either side of the canyon rim. Private holdings along the river increase the likelihood of speculation and development. Together, these growing threats could push the birds to the brink of extinction. "This is the last remaining place where these species can be maintained so they won't disappear," says Andrus. "Once the animals go, the birds go too."

Efforts to protect the birds are already being undertaken by the Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management, which controls the 26,311 acres of river-



Biologist searching for birds: young long-eared owl in tree



side land now in public ownership. Andrus has taken some action to safeguard the raptors and their region by placing an expanded area, covering more than 800,000 acres and 65 river miles, under "temporary protective withdrawal" while BLM biologists study the birds and their needs.

But the major effort is being made by the Nature Conservancy. The organization has identified five parcels of private land, covering almost 900 acres and including more than a dozen known nesting sites as well as springs and marshlands, that it considers essential to the integrity of the Birds of Prey Natural Area. Now it is attempting to raise \$500,000 so that it can buy them and either maintain them or, once the area's future has been decided, sell them to the BLM.

The Nature Conservancy is no novice in this kind of campaign. The 27-year-old organization has already acquired 1,188,213 acres of land in 47 states, the Caribbean and Canada. Most of this land has been turned over to the federal and state governments for protection. Some is held by the Conservancy and managed either by volunteers or professional staffs.

Instead of battling Big Business, a fight that many environmental groups seem to relish, the Conservancy attempts to work with large land-holding corporations, identifying unused but ecologically valuable lands. Then it hammers out arrangements that make it worthwhile for a company either to donate them or sell them at a price the organization can afford to pay. "We don't belabor businessmen with their past sins," explains Conservancy President Patrick Noonan. "What we talk about instead is the parts of the environment they can help save." Businessmen seem impressed by this combination of philanthropy and sound finance; the Conservancy's 49,000 members include 157 corporations.

Andrus endorses the organization's effort. "Projects like this cannot be financed by government alone," says the Secretary. "Private contributors must also get involved." Others, including Redford, businessmen and raptor experts, are also enlisting in the campaign. Together, the group believes that it can meet a Dec. 31 deadline for exercising its options on the canyon lands.

After 14 months in office and some brickbats from Western farmers who resented his role in the cancellation of several water projects, Andrus is fully aware of his responsibilities. He recognizes that some of the nation's public lands must be mined, logged, grazed or otherwise used to meet the needs of the U.S. economy. But he also believes that something must be saved for the future, a view that is supported by the White House. As the Snake River excursion ended, Andrus expressed his guiding philosophy. "I simply do not believe," said he, "that this generation should decide now, and for all time, how to dispose of the country's natural resources. We must leave something for the future."

—Peter Stoler



Journey to the Top of the World

Japanese explorer makes first solo trip to the North Pole

On the 57th day of his perilous 477-mile trek along the jagged ice fields of the Arctic Ocean, Japanese Explorer Naomi Uemura last week took a sextant sighting, then another and another. At last he was sure. With the 17 huskies who had pulled his sledge, he was at the top of the world, the first man to reach the North Pole alone by way of the frozen Arctic.

Standing on a dazzling white plain of ice that stretched southward in every direction, the diminutive 5 ft. 3 in., 130 lbs. explorer planted the Japanese flag on the pole. The next morning, jubilant members of his support team, who had made five airdrops of supplies along the way, landed beside him in a small plane. Uemura, 37, was full of apologies for taking two weeks longer than he had anticipated to make the grueling journey. Said he: "I'm awfully sorry I was delayed, but I finally got here."

Such difference is familiar to those who know Uemura. A national hero in Japan, he has retained the retiring, unassuming ways of the rice-farming community where he was born. Most of his

spectacular feats, past and present, have been undertaken alone. These include having climbed four of the highest mountains in the world: Mont Blanc in France, Kilimanjaro in Tanzania, Aconcagua in Argentina and Mount McKinley in the U.S. To train for his conquest of the North Pole, he made a 7,500-mile trek from Greenland to Alaska by dog sledge.

Though Uemura's one-man conquest of the North Pole is unique, his expedition was the fifth to succeed since the U.S. Navy's Robert E. Peary and his six-man team first attained the North Pole in 1909. Like Peary, Uemura had set off from Ellesmere Island, now part of Canada's Northwest Territories. Early in the trip, 30-ft.-high formations of compressed ice known as pressure ridges blocked his route across the frozen Arctic Ocean obliging him to hack passageways through the ice to make way for his 882-lb. sledge. Temperatures dropping to as low as -68° F., gale-force winds and a blizzard also slowed down Uemura. Though he wore modern thermal underwear, most of his clothing was Es-

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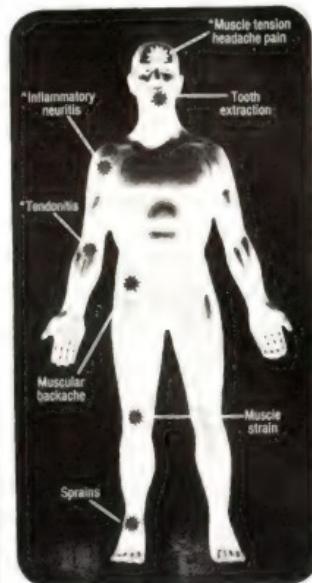
kimo gear; bearskin trousers, sealskin mittens and fur-lined boots.

At dawn on the fourth day out, Uemura was awakened by the frantic barking of his dogs, then by heavy, shuffling footsteps and loud sniffing sounds. Peering out of his tent, he saw a giant white polar bear coming toward him. Uemura decided to play dead in his sleeping bag. After destroying the tent and gobbling up the food supply of frozen seal and whale blubber, the bear poked at the sleeping bag with his snout and turned it over while Uemura burrowed deep inside, then wandered off. Next morning, when the bear reappeared, the explorer coolly shot him at a range of 55 yards. Said Uemura's wife Kimiko in Tokyo when she heard about his encounter: "He is a continual surprise to me. At home he's afraid of cockroaches. Out there, he will confront a bear."

Uemura resumed the trek after a new tent and fresh food supplies were airdropped. Scientists at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md., were able to pinpoint Uemura's positions by monitoring signals from a 3½-lb. transmitter mounted on his sledge. The transmissions were picked up by a Nimbus 6 meteorological satellite as it passed over the Pole every 108 minutes and relayed by a NASA tracking station in Fairbanks, Alaska, to Greenbelt.

Uemura had also been supplied by sponsors of the expedition with devices to take snow, ice and air samples for scientific study in Japan. As it turned out, he had little time for research. On the 35th day of the expedition, for example, a husky named Shiro gave birth to six pups. After acting as midwife, Uemura placed the mother and her litter in a cardboard supply box, wrapped it in caribou skins and lashed it to the sledge. He then called for eleven fresh dogs; they replaced the weariest huskies, which were sent back to base camp with Shiro and her puppies.

Later, when the surrounding ice field began to break up, Uemura found himself trapped on a moving floe with his dogs and sledge. "It is really scary," he noted in his diary. "Huge pieces of ice are slowly revolving around me. Cracks are opening up amidst a roaring splintering sound." Detouring to skirt the danger area, he was confronted by huge open stretches of water. Overnight, new ice about 10 inches thick formed over the open water. "I made a dash over the new ice," he wrote, "and in about 2½ hours I had made it across to solid ice again. I felt weak with relief." On the 52nd day, severe winds again forced him to stop. Reaching the North Pole on May 1, he remained for two days and was then airlifted back to Ellesmere Island. Following a one-week respite, he is scheduled to leave on yet another pioneering dog-sledge journey that will take him 1,660 miles on a north-south trek through the icy interior of Greenland.



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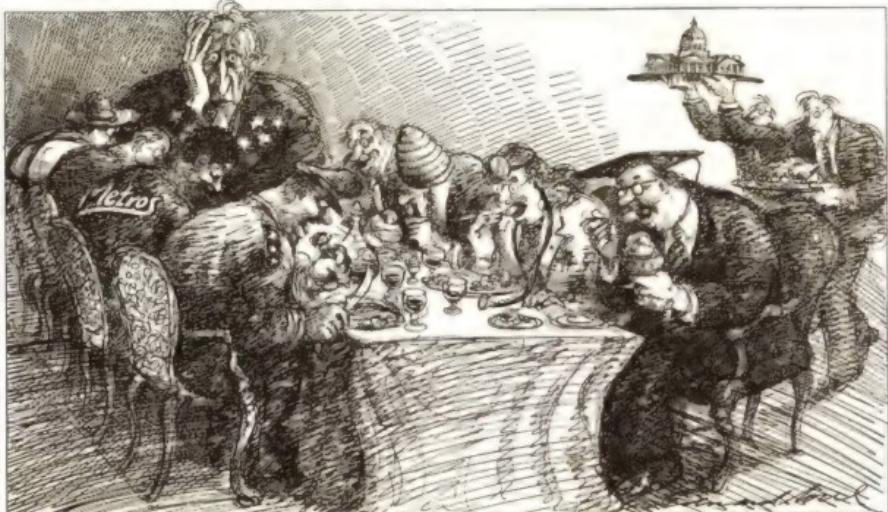
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Economy & Business

The Dangers of Budget Bloat

Washington's free-for-all spending just makes inflation worse



Even conservatives now accept that moderate deficit spending is often necessary to lift the economy out of a recession. Fair enough, but as the U.S. enters the fourth year of recovery, deficit spending is reaching tidal wave proportions. The deficit called for in Jimmy Carter's budget for fiscal 1979 is \$60.6 billion, and it promises to keep the flood of red ink cresting at least through 1980 and probably much longer.

The dizzy growth of the deficit must be reversed because it condemns the U.S. to unending inflation, sapping not only the nation's economic vitality but even the strength of its political institutions. When the Government spends beyond its means, the Federal Reserve Board confronts a cruel choice. If it prints more money to accommodate the Government's heavy borrowing, it feeds inflation. If the board refuses to print the money, it risks creating a recession, because the Government sops up so much credit that little is left for private borrowers.

Congress is only making the deficit problem worse. As next week's deadline approaches for House approval of the so-called target budget, which will determine the basic size of fiscal 1979 spending,

many of the 435 Congressmen are rushing to push various pet projects into the overloaded document. Expenditures for agriculture, education, community development and veterans' benefits all have been increased by at least \$1 billion more than Carter proposed. Complains House Budget Committee Chairman Robert Giarmo of Connecticut: "We've got to stop all these bright little ideas from being passed. You add them up and multiply by 435 and you've got trouble."

In recent weeks Congress has grown uneasy about the size of the deficit, but instead of acting to limit spending, a movement is gaining ground to reduce or delay the \$25 billion tax cut that Carter plans for October. Doing that might crimp the growth of the economy. It would be far better to reduce spending and use part of the savings to cut taxes.

The problem is that Congress has historically viewed the very idea of budget cutting as rather like repealing Christmas. Special-interest groups instantly howl, and Congress listens. The groups are as large as the 34-million Social Security beneficiaries and as small as the 1,700 keepers who this year will draw \$2.9 million in federal indemnities because their

bees may have been harmed by Government spraying of pesticide.

Beyond that, many of Washington's ever multiplying programs provide funding commitments that grow automatically with the population or the inflation rate. In the past ten years, the share of the budget consumed by these programs has increased from less than 30% to nearly 45%. Because of all these factors, perhaps as much as 90% of the entire budget is treated as politically untouchable by Congress.

All this makes a mockery of Carter's vow to discipline the budget process by requiring each department to justify every dollar in its annual spending request. That approach, known as "zero-based budgeting," is saving little or no money and is simply creating a lot more paper work.

The President has abandoned his campaign pledge to balance the budget by 1981, and the Office of Management and Budget admits that a 1981 deficit of "around \$10 billion" is more likely. If present spending trends continue, the Administration will not come anywhere near the target. In fact, computer projections by Data Resources, Inc., show that if the Administration gets just a few bad breaks—a continued substantial upward thrust

in food prices, sporadic big increases in the cost of imported oil—the deficit could explode to \$220 billion in 1987.

The first step to prevent such a disaster is for Carter to block spending from going any higher; he can do this by adhering to his pledge to veto bills that would push the budget above his suggested \$500.2 billion. In addition, although most of the 1979 budget is fixed in stone, some cuts can be made. Wisconsin's William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, ambitiously calls for a total reduction of as much as 7%: Jack Carlson, chief economist of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, urges a 2% across-the-board reduction, amounting to \$10 billion. At the least, Carter has to start pressuring Congress to accept even sharper reductions in the rate of spending growth in fiscal 1980 and later years. The only way to do that is for some "uncontrollable" spending to be controlled, some "mandated" programs to be unmandated. Among the fastest growing:

Federal Pensions. Spending for civil service and military pensions has surged from less than \$3 billion in 1955 to \$20 billion annually. A \$15,000-a-year Government worker can retire at 55, after 30 years of service, and draw \$703 a month, with cost-of-living increases. After 20 years, a member of the military can retire with an inflation-proofed pension equal to 50% of his salary; then, as a veteran, he gets preference for a civil service job. If he had joined the armed forces at age 17, he could leave at 37, go to work as a federal civilian employee, retire at 67 and draw Social Security, military and civil service pensions all at once.

Grants to States. Federal grants-in-aid to state and local governments have just about doubled from \$43 billion in 1973 to Carter's recommended \$85 billion in fiscal 1979. But 44 of the nation's states are awash in budget surpluses that total \$10 billion. So why did Congress this year appropriate \$250 million just to help them fill potholes in their streets? A portion of the money that Washington will give to state and local governments in 1978 is supposed to be spent for recession-fighting public works projects; the funds keep pouring in, even though the recession is over and unemployment dropped last month to a 3½-year low of 6%.

Education. Since 1972, aid to education has more than tripled, to \$3.2 billion. Typical of the excess is the interest-subsidized student loan program, which began in the mid-1960s to help needy children go to college. Students now qualify if their families earn up to \$25,000, and defaults have soared. Next year's default write-offs and interest charges will cost the Government \$670 million. Yet Congress is considering spending perhaps as much as \$3 billion a year more to allow any student, no matter how wealthy, to qualify for a loan.

Additional waste is contained in the panoply of programs for elementary and

secondary schools. So-called impact-aid funding, started during the Korean War to help educate children from G.I. families, has been unnecessarily broadened to cover children of all federal workers, at a cost of \$712 million annually. A bill now in the House would lift this to \$1.3 billion by 1980. Not many Congressmen will oppose it: 411 of them come from districts that will benefit.

Social Security. Now the largest single program in the budget, Social Security has grown from \$17.5 billion in 1965 to as much as \$133 billion next fiscal year. Congress saved the whole program from eventual bankruptcy only by passing a Social Security tax increase of \$227 billion over the next ten years, by far the largest peacetime revenue-raising measure in the nation's history. Collapse threatened because Social Security payments have been automatically increased to offset inflation, a scheme that does more to spread the plague than cure it. Nobody wants to reduce current benefits, but their future growth can be contained. The rising cost of health care has also burdened the program. Beginning in 1966, low-cost medical care for the elderly has been provided by Social Security through the Medicare program, but without sufficient funds to do the job.

Defense. Though the nation has been at peace for the past five years, military spending has grown by 58%. Money is wasted by maintaining dozens of unnecessary defense bases, many of which were set up during World War II when 12 million men and women were in the services, v. 2 million now. Reports TIME Washington Correspondent Simmons Fentress: "There is no compelling strategic or economic reason not to shut down such large military training bases as Fort Dix, N.J., or Fort Jackson, S.C. But there are political reasons. For six years the Pentagon has been trying to close the training facilities at Fort Dix, and for six years the effort has been fought off by the New Jersey congressional delegation." Last month Defense Secretary Harold Brown joined the battle all over again, announcing a plan to phase out the Fort Dix facilities and eliminate or consolidate 84 other bases. The saving would be \$337 million a year, but at a cost of 23,200 jobs, and Congressmen in the affected districts are up in arms.

Cutting the budget down to affordable size would not mean unraveling every spending program, but would require a sober reappraisal of what Government can and should accomplish. The basic question is whether even the world's wealthiest nation has the resources to heap one program on top of another with little thought to the consequences. Some of the goals are admirable, but the runaway spending is producing a stumbling nanny-state that tries to help powerful special interests but in fact hurts the whole nation by ravaging it with inflation. ■



Economy & Business



Wine buyer beats price rise in New York

Import Inflation

Foreign products are going up

When the sharp decline of the dollar began eight months ago, most Americans figured that the only major victims would be tourists: they would need more dollars to buy foreign trinkets. Now the greenback's sickness is infecting all Americans. Foreign sellers are increasing their prices to compensate for the dollar's fall, and some U.S. manufacturers of competitive products have felt freer to follow through with price rises of their own.

Toyota, Datsun and Volkswagen all raised prices last month by 3.9% to 5.4%; about the same time, Ford Motor Co. lifted prices on three of its smaller models. Indeed, major foreign carmakers have raised prices five or six times during the past year, making it easier for Detroit to post increases.

Rises on other imports are adding to the pressure: a Pentax camera that cost \$285 late last year will soon be up to \$330; in two months a Swiss Omega watch has jumped \$100, to \$495. Wholesale jewelry prices, pushed up by rising gold prices as the dollar has waned, were up 30% last month. In the Washington, D.C., area, half a gallon of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch is up \$1, as is a fifth of Courvoisier cognac; wine importers have said that price increases are coming.

"Sympathetic" price rises by U.S. makers of similar products are likely to follow, digging deeper still into the pocket of the U.S. consumer. The Treasury estimates that the decline in the dollar will increase the inflation rate by one-half point this year—and that adds up to billions in added costs for cars, cameras, cheese and other imports. ■

Hauler Heists

Pssst . . . want to buy a hot 50-ton bulldozer?

The urgent appeal from the Daily Express, a trucking company, went out to thousands of transport firms around the U.S.: "On April 19 at approximately 5 p.m., our 42-ft. flatbed trailer was stolen from the lot of Continental Can Co., Bedford Heights, Ohio. Two International Harvester Payloaders were on the trailer."

Nothing was ever heard again of the two \$35,000 Payloaders. A witness remembers that another tractor truck simply hooked on to the trailer and drove it away. The driver seemed to know exactly what he was doing and aroused no suspicion. Nor was it the company's first experience. A year ago, two J.I. Case backhoes (trench diggers), worth \$18,000 each, were stolen the same way.

Theft of heavy construction equipment is a sore topic among contractors, equipment dealers and carrier operators. The Associated General Contractors of America estimates that thefts total more than \$500 million annually. The recovery rate is only 5% to 10%, v. 70% for stolen cars. Equipment thieves are specialists, probably organized gangs working with a few crooked employees. Almost invariably, they arrange to fence the machinery before they steal it. Says FBI Special Agent James Cadigan: "They do their window-shopping before they go into the store."

For marginal and not-so-marginal contractors, there is much temptation to get cut-rate gear in order to avoid the enormous inflation in heavy equipment prices. Example: an International Harvester crawler loader costs \$72,000, up from \$45,000 five years ago.

Thieves sell such machines at bargain prices: a stolen \$60,000 International crawler tractor was offered at \$35,000 to one potential buyer, who became suspicious and called the cops. Usually this equipment is left on the job site when work crews head home. Watchmen are too expensive for many contractors, and the ones that are posted are easily overpowered by thieves. Says Hugh Goulding, vice president of Howell Tractor and Equipment Co., "The thieves simply wrench it onto a lowboy trailer and drive it away."

Some of the stolen equipment is enormous. A 50-ton crawler bulldozer was stolen from a Chicago-area dealer and hauled away on a weekend, when this kind of equipment is forbidden on the highways. A full 13½ ft. wide, the machine is worth \$130,000. It was later traced through Indiana and finally disappeared forever in the coal-mining area of Kentucky. ■



Fearless Freddie enjoying his good fortune

Laker's Jackpot

A lift for Atlantic traffic

Freddie Laker, the poor man's Pegasus, is walking on air. His Laker Airways' no-frills Skytrain, a bold gamble to lure passengers between New York and London with pinching-round-trip fare of \$245, is paying off like the Irish Sweepstakes. After seven months of operation, an ebullient Laker reported last week: "We've carried 117,000 passengers, averaged a 78% load factor and grossed some \$14 million"—\$1.5 million of it in profit.

Last week the British government granted Laker permission to offer a similar daily flight between Los Angeles and London for \$382 round trip, beginning Sept. 26. This week Laker is adding a Boeing 707 to the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 on the New York-London run and doubling daily flights to two. He has two more DC-10s on order and expects to sign up soon for yet another two.

His success, notably among the young (three-quarters of Skytrain passengers are under 34), has helped all transatlantic traffic. Competing carriers have followed Laker's lead and lured new passengers by offering New York-London stand-by fares of \$256, v. the basic economy rate of \$626. Braniff now has a Dallas-London flight for \$398. Latest figures, comparing April results with those of the same month a year ago, show that Pan Am's transatlantic load factor was 62%, up from 54%; TWA's surged to 72%, up from 59%.

Laker expects to do much better than competing lines during the peak season. On June 1, they will increase stand-by fares to \$299. But fearless Freddie, unwilling to toy with success, will continue to offer round trips at \$245. ■

Silent and Sound reasons to buy a Kodak Moviedeck projector.



Whether you have sound or silent movies, Kodak projectors have everything you need to make showing your movies easy. *Like:*

1. Watching your movies without setting up a screen or turning down room lights. Our unique pull-out viewing screen is ideal for small audiences. You also have the option of projecting your movies onto a traditional screen.
2. Bright, sharp images.
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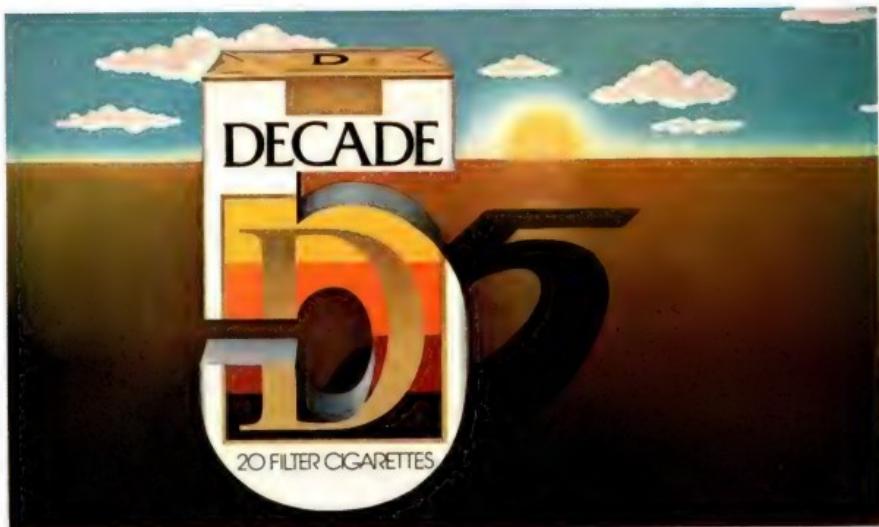
5. Replaying previous scenes in just seconds, and a choice of fast or slow motion on some models.

6. Low-profile design and smoke-tinted dust covers that make these projectors easy to look at.

Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration of Kodak silent or sound movie projectors. They're easy to use and easy to look at, and that's some image!

Kodak
Moviedeck projectors





IT TOOK TEN YEARS BUT WE FINALLY GOT YOUR NUMBER.

Decade's got your number. Only 5mg. of 'tar.'

Now you might be wondering why it took us ten years to reach 5mg. Well, if we were simply interested in lowering 'tar,' we could have done it in a lot less time. After all, others have.

But this wasn't just a numbers game to us. Our goal was to

reduce 'tar' without removing taste. So we took our time.

Finally, after ten years, we were good and ready. We had developed our "Total System." A totally unique way of delivering truly satisfying taste in a 5mg. cigarette. That's why we say Decade is "The taste that took ten years to make."

Every part of a Decade cigarette is arranged in perfect balance with the others. The tobacco, the filter and even the paper. Only by concentrating on these parts are we able to perfect the whole.

So try Decade. We think you'll agree that 5mg. can be a very tasty little number.



**Only
5 mg.
'tar.'**

Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Economy & Business

Executive View / Marshall Loeb

"Coming Right with People"

They are worried about a lot more than just production and profits. The temper of the times has moved them: they see the rattletrap slums as they are driven in from the suburbs; they hear their young managers, products of the '60s, speak of dreams unfulfilled; they listen to their wives and daughters tell of sex discrimination.

The men at the top in business—a bit self-conscious that theirs is a white, male domain—are trying to respond. Most are struggling with ways to hire, train and promote more women, blacks and Hispanics. Some are trying to use their capital and intellect to revive the cities. Almost all are attempting, in one way or another, to improve society.

Coy Eklund, 62, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, calls this "the spirit of coming right with people." He does what he can, whether by sitting on the boards of a fistful of black, Puerto Rican, Indian and women's organizations or by compiling a dictionary of the Chippewa language (he grew up near a Chippewa reservation in Minnesota). Eklund views the world with the perpetual optimism of the insurance salesman, and one of his happiest days came a few Thursdays ago, when he named 47 new corporate officers. Thirteen are women—and that goes far beyond tokenism. In all, the Equitable has 28 women officers, assistant vice presidents or higher, and four women directors. Ten blacks and Hispanics are also officers.

Eklund dislikes such terms as "quotas" and "reverse discrimination." Instead, he speaks of "goals" and "accelerated development." He sets the hiring and promotion goals and passes the word down from the top that managers had better meet them, "because it's part of their own performance evaluation."

"You have to force yourself to consider some minority and women candidates for every promotion that's coming up," says Eklund. "Then pick only people who are qualified, but don't make a major issue of who is best qualified. There has never been a promotion program in any company where the best-qualified person got the job in every instance." The same is true, he adds, of hiring. Of the agents to be hired by the Equitable this year, 18% will be women, 12% blacks, 6% Hispanics. People down the line attest that this system is drawing in all sorts of talent that previously had been passed by.

From his high, sometimes lonely perch, the Equitable's chief has a unique means of keeping in touch. He has set up three panels of employees—for women, minorities and middle managers—and he meets with each for a long afternoon six times a year, answering questions and listening to proposals.

At one meeting a young black advises Eklund that the company should be recruiting more people at black colleges. But, asks Eklund, isn't it enough that the Equitable is hiring blacks at integrated universities? No, responds the young man, "because kids coming out of black colleges don't have as much entree to the corporate structure."

Then a black woman asks what the company's policy is on investment in depressed neighborhoods. Eklund replies that the company invests where its money will be safe, profitable and socially beneficial. "Those are the three tests." That's not enough, the woman insists: "People today are more concerned about the little guy. We should put more of our money into 'turning' neighborhoods, those that are socially declining."

Later, expanding on his philosophy, Eklund points to all the millions that his company has invested in the central cities in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Detroit and Atlanta. Yes, it has made a profit, but not always top profit. It has started the country's largest "minority small-business investment company," and Eklund knows that that will not pay off big.

"To cater only to the maximization of profits is to invite corporate doom," he says. "In this country, we've developed corporate enterprise by reason of the will of the people. The only way that we will continue to have the support of the people who enfranchised us is to perform in ways that are socially desirable. If we do not, somebody will blow the whistle on the corporate enterprise system."



Former Store Manager Bangsager as guard

Better Down Than Out

An alternative to retirement

The new U.S. law extending mandatory retirement from 65 to 70 will leave less room at the top for aspiring younger people and, some managers fear, could lead to a sclerosis in the executive ranks. Denmark has produced a partial answer to these problems. Nicknamed "deruitment," it involves recycling older middle and top managers to lower-level jobs.

The country's largest private employer, Co-Op Denmark, which runs department stores and supermarkets (sales: \$1.9 billion), has started a policy of freezing promotions of top managers after age 50 and derenting them at 60. Already more than 40 store managers have moved down and taken pay cuts of one-third to one-half. Tage Nielsen, 56, now works as an office clerk. Edmond Glud, 64, switched to the mail department; Sigvald Bangsager, 62, cuts a fine figure as a security guard. Says he: "You have to know when your time is up, when you're burned out." Adds Poul Jensen, a former director who now works in marketing liaison: "Why shouldn't a manager work as a mailman? Any kind of work deserves respect."

Co-Op Denmark is pioneering the de-rentment program, and a survey of 1,285 Danish managers over 50 showed that 70% preferred downgrading to retirement. Knud Overø, 56, the chief executive of another Danish firm, Ferrosan, which manufactures pharmaceuticals, moved down to work half time in long-term planning. With de-rentment, some people expect to work past 80. But, warns Ebbe Groes, 66, the former chief of Co-Op Denmark, who stepped aside last year and now helps represent the company in its overseas affairs, "if you give the former top executive any authority over his successor, the system will not work. I now give advice only when I am asked." ■



The Equitable's Coy Eklund

Energy

Battling the West Coast Oil Glut

A preference for imported sweet over California sour

While the White House continues to urge Americans to conserve energy by driving at 55 m.p.h. and turning off the air conditioning, a severe oil glut is building west of the Rockies. At times, as many as 20 bulging tankers have been backed up in California's Long Beach harbor. Nearly half a million barrels of Alaskan crude, which oilmen had originally figured would go to the West Coast, are rerouted daily through the Panama Canal to the Gulf or East Coast ports at additional costs of more than \$1 million. And although independent California oilmen are protesting a surplus that has forced them to close, or "shut in," some wells, the West Coast continues to import 400,000 bbl. a day from Indonesia.

\$4 and \$8 a bbl. into a federal pool, which Eastern refiners draw on to buy expensive OPEC oil. Consequently, refineries have to pay about the same for California oil as they do for imports—or not that much less. Few buyers want the California crude even at slightly cheaper prices because it is "sour," high-sulfur oil. It is costlier to refine because it produces less gasoline and other clean fuels than Alaskan oil and higher-quality imports. Its primary end-product is a high-polluting residual fuel.

Governor Jerry Brown condemns the price-propelling entitlements scheme as "a classic case of bureaucratic constipation," and urges President Carter "to seriously consider junking the whole program."



Ships at anchor outside Long Beach, many of which are waiting to unload oil

A combination of bad planning, bureaucratic bungling and environmental zeal.

This bizarre situation has been caused by a combination of bad planning, bureaucratic bungling and environmentalist zeal. Contrary to the expectations of oil companies when the Alaskan pipeline was proposed, the West Coast states just cannot use all the North Slope output of 1.2 million bbl. a day, primarily because energy-saving measures have cut anticipated demand. A federal oil-pricing scheme has further reduced the use of California's own oil within the state.

The federal "entitlements" program, introduced after the jarring rise in OPEC prices, was designed to average out the prices that all refineries around the nation paid for oil: that way, refineries (and voters) in the East would not suffer much higher oil prices because of their larger dependency on imports. In practice, refiners in California can buy local oil at roughly \$4 a bbl., but they have to send between

Late last year, Carter tried to aid California producers by cutting the entitlements obligation on their oil by \$1.74. But this had little impact, and political pressures would probably prevent this inefficient program from being ended.

California aggravated its problem, however, by banning the burning of high-sulfur, dirty residuals such as those produced from California oil. Not only must refiners who buy Californian pay about the same price as for higher-quality crude and spend more on processing; they must also find a home for the residuals—either store them up or ship them to the only markets available, which are out of state. To reduce these problems, very clean, low-sulfur "sweet" oil especially suitable for gasoline is still being imported from Indonesia in large quantities.

In fact, there are several surpluses, amounting daily to some 500,000 bbl. of

Alaskan crude, which must be shipped through the canal; at least 100,000 bbl. of California crude, which is shut in; and 50,000 bbl. of residuals. Jimmy Carter is considering federal action to ease the glut. As one step, he could impose some restrictions on Indonesian oil imports. But he is more likely to cut the entitlements fees further—perhaps as much as \$3—giving the refiners more incentive to install the equipment needed to refine more sour crude into high-quality fuels.

This would not solve the immediate problem of finding an inexpensive and efficient way to move Alaskan oil to markets where it is really needed. Many plans have been considered, especially because Alaskan oil shipped through the Panama Canal is even costlier than OPEC oil on the East Coast. One idea is a three-way trade: Alaskan oil could be shipped to Japan, replacing OPEC oil that would then be sent to the U.S. East Coast. Problem: the export of Alaskan crude would raise a political storm in the U.S.

There is much more support for building pipelines to link West Coast oil terminals with refineries in the Midwest. Standard Oil Co. of Ohio has the most promising plan. It wants to buy 1,026 miles of underused natural gas pipelines and construct 230 miles of new line to link Long Beach with Midland, Texas; from that point, the oil would head east through existing pipelines. The \$500 million project could carry half a million barrels a day and would cost considerably less than tanker transport. The Government has strongly supported the idea for four years, but the project has bogged down while its backers await California permits.

State authorities worry about air pollution, particularly the hydrocarbons that will escape when the tankers unload at Long Beach. The California Air Resources Board argues that pollution in the Los Angeles area is already higher than federal standards permit. Under the Federal Clean Air Act the board has ruled that Sohio can build only if the company pays for a trade-off: it must locate an existing local industrial polluter and assume the cost for it to clean up its emissions even more than Sohio's oil will foul the air. The oil company has accepted the trade-off and is talking with Southern California Edison about spending some \$100 million to buy the latest in expensive smokestack air scrubbers for the utility. Edison has not yet agreed to accept this gift horse. Even if the Sohio project is approved soon, it cannot accommodate all the West Coast surplus, or even begin to ease it, before 1981. Only a dramatic readjustment in complicated Government oil-pricing policies, freeing the market from entitlements, will solve the basic problems facing shut-in California producers and energy-hungry East Coast consumers.

We wish to thank those whose contributions made this message possible



Since we're inviting you to become a priest, it seems fair to show you a picture of one.

Women: the girl who wanted to be a nun is still within you. Listen to her.

We invite all people to add the wisdom of prayer to cancer research.

- I am interested in becoming a Priest Brother
- I am interested in the new order of nuns
- I want to join CANCURE. Please send me the membership card with the prayer
- If you can't be a priest, brother, or sister, be an angel
- I want to be an angel. I want to help support a priest-to-be. Enclose \$____ for this purpose
- We have beautiful Perpetual Enrollment Cards at \$1, \$2 and \$3
- I enclose \$10 for a selection of your Mass Cards to keep on hand. I want the following \$1 ____ \$2 ____ \$3 ____

We want you to know what you're getting into. When the one perfect priest made the one perfect sacrifice, he laid an awesome burden on all of us who follow.

As a priest, you will carry this burden — not the cross, but the crucifixion itself. It is a burden that makes you free beyond human imagining, a burden that fills your life with love and joy. But it is a burden.

The crucifixion is central: it brings the Mystery into focus, although the Mystery remains forever a mystery. It cannot be understood, but it can be lived. We know! We Trinitarians have lived it for nearly 800 years.

You. Where are you? If you're where you can hear the call of the priesthood, however faintly, we invite you to come home. You've waited long enough. Come home.

Now you can become a traditional nun, but with a most untraditional role in the Church. We are establishing a new order, which will have a startling and unique mission. We'd like to tell you about it and offer you the opportunity to be among the founders. As in any Trinitarian community, many talents are needed and age is no barrier.

Researchers in laboratories around the world are seeking a cure for cancer. If you believe, as we do, that prayer makes all things possible, then you will want to join us in a worldwide act of faith which we call CANCURE.

Joining CANCURE carries only one obligation: that you say a prayer every Wednesday that the researchers will succeed. Let us unite the world in one voice of prayer, one concentrated cry, for a cancer cure now. The CANCURE prayer is for all peoples, and is printed on a wallet-card. Let us send you one.

This card will remind you, and will identify you as one who believes. By our hands, by His will.

Write or send this coupon to
Fr. Joseph F. Lupino, O.S.S. 1, Garrison, Maryland 21055

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE TRINITARIANS • ORDER OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY
• A ROMAN CATHOLIC COMMUNITY OF PRIESTS, SISTERS AND BROTHERS

Crumple up this ad.

Then take it to your local Xerox office.

Tell a sales representative that if the new Xerox 5400 copier is so terrific, let's see if the ball of paper in your hand will go through its document feeder.

Chuckle to yourself as he smooths out the ad and carries it to the 5400. After all, you've never seen a document handler that could handle a problem like this.

Then he may pause to tell you how the 5400 can automatically copy on two sides of a sheet of paper. He may even point out its uncanny self-diagnostic systems and lightning-fast automatic bi-directional sorter.



But you both know why you're there.

At last, he slides the crumpled page towards the document handler and pushes the button. And...and...and...

Sorry. But what happens next is between you and your local Xerox representative. So pay him a visit, soon.

And find out if the original goes in.

And if it does, how the copy comes out.

XEROX



Designer Alain Clenet perches on the \$39,500 Clenet roadster



An Excalibur, one of the classiest chariots since the fall of Rome

Living

Autos That Make the Statusphere

A \$60,000 replicar can get you there in no time

"I've had four Ex-es," burbles Phyllis Diller, "and I wouldn't be without one. It's my Ex I love." Comedienne Diller is not celebrating postmarital reruns. She is lauding her sleek, faithful, potent Excalibur, which to anyone not hopelessly besotted with Arthurian lore means an automobile. Not just any automobile, but one of the classiest, flashiest chariots to make the scene since the fall of Rome. Only 280 of these imperial vehicles are handmade each year in Milwaukee, and anyone with \$27,200 in cash and as loud a voice as Phyllis Diller's can have a new Ex in the driveway within four months or so.

There are other automotive routes to the statusphere, other limited-edition models that will guarantee gawps and gawks and parking space wherever one goes. They are not like the Mercedes and the Rolls-Royce, which are (relatively) mass manufactured and as common in some moneyed turf as hogs in a hogger. Whereas most toys for the rich look as if they had all come from the same department store, a replicated Duesenberg SSJ or Auburn 866 boat-tail speedster is not something your dentist or psychiatrist is apt to call his own.

In the history of automotive design, the Italians have contributed passion; the French, intellectuality; the English, quiet luxury; and the Germans and Americans, engineering. To the delight of shahs and stars and the merely rich, the new replicars combine all these elements, making even a run to the deli a royal procession. Such a drive can be an ego trip. Or it can be a rediscovery of old excitements: the fragrance of wood

and leather, the closeness to the road, a sense of individualism preserved on the all-too-homogenized human highway.

None of these cars, however distinctive, can be called originals—which may be all to the good. Those old Auburns and Stutzies and Cords were by present-day standards woefully underpowered and undersprung, cranky and uncomfortable. The best and brightest new chariots have power brakes and steering, automatic transmission, air conditioning, pushbutton everything, burnished walnut burl paneling, 18 layers of paint, bark-tanned glove-leather upholstery, gold-plated fixtures, eight-track stereo and, at extra cost, carpeting of ermine, mink or chinchilla.

And they are all built around American-made engines and drive trains.

The Excalibur, which echoes the lines of the classic 28 SSK Mercedes-Benz, comes close to being an original: everything save the 454-cu.-in., 215-net-h.p. Chevrolet V-8 engine is built from hubs up in Milwaukee. The \$64,500 Stutz Blackhawk VI starts out as a new wide-track Pontiac Grand Prix, which is sent to Turin, where Italian descendants of descendants of coachmakers handcraft a body of 18-gauge steel (twice the weight of Mercedes metal); the Shah of Iran is said to have ordered twelve of them.

But wait! *Attendez!* The superchariot around no one else's corner is *le* Clenet, a car that evokes Gatsbyesque images but is a wholly new design. Alain Clenet, 33, is the son of one of France's biggest Ford dealers. After three years of design-by-committee for American

Motors in Detroit, he dropped out to Santa Barbara to make a car that would be "a personal statement." His first two-seater roadster was the smash hit of the 1976 Los Angeles auto show. Now, with 55 employees ensconced in a five-story building at the Santa Barbara airport, Clenet buys new Mercury Cougars, strips them to the chassis, moves the 400-cu.-in., V-8 engine 3 ft. aft for better roadability, and builds his car. Each one takes 1,800 hours of handwork and costs \$39,500. The names of hammerer, upholsterer and painter are engraved on the doorjambs. If there is such a thing as a Rodin of the road, this is it.

A lot of Americans these days have fallen out of love with conventional cars. But as Clenets, Excaliburs, Stutzies, Auburns and Cords show, the romance is still there. Lower the roof, turn the key, press the pedal, switch on the Cole Porter, and 1930 is over the next hill. ■



A \$50,000 1978 Cord Model 814, replica of the 1937 Cord 810
Lower the roof, press the pedal and switch on the Cole Porter



Flying High's Connie Selleca, Kathryn Witt and Pat Klous



Loni Anderson flashes a Farrah smile on the wackiest station in Cincinnati

Television

Waiting for Freddie: Part 1

Comedy, sci-fi and girls, girls, girls . . .

Each year television executives perform their own rites of spring. They hide away in dark screening rooms, watch dozens of hours of pilots for new shows, then emerge, red-eyed but exultant, to announce what the American public will see in the fall. Last week both ABC and CBS ended their ceremonies with the traditional flourish of self-congratulatory press releases: NBC was due to announce its schedule this week. This year, however, the ceremony seems more like a rehearsal than the real thing. Fred Silverman, the high priest of programming, has yet to make his entrance, and everybody in TV is waiting for Freddie.

Hired away from ABC by NBC last January, at a reported salary of \$1 million a year, Silverman has assumed enormous, almost mythical dimensions in an industry noted for its downbeat cynicism. "Freddie is going to change the face of network television," proclaims Producer James Komack (*Welcome Back, Kotter*).



Richard Hatch and Dirk Benedict in *Galactica*

"Freddie not only knows how to make a show strong," says Producer Tom Miller (*Happy Days*, *Laverne and Shirley*), "but he can also bring an opposing show to its knees by figuring out its weaknesses and by counterprogramming against it."

Unfortunately, the myth will not be tested for another month. Silverman's contract with ABC does not run out until June 8, and he does not become the new president of last-place NBC, the all-thumbs network, until the day after *Though Freddie*, if his past record is any guide, is not likely to cut off many heads; he is certain to make major changes before he has twirled three times in his new swivel chair. "One thing he will do is break up those long, indecisive meetings at NBC," says Producer Grant Tinker (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*). "NBC is really one long meeting, and he'll stick firecrackers under the chairs at those endless sessions." NBC's programmers know that whatever they do this month may be rescinded next month. "Does NBC's fall schedule mean anything?" asks Adam Lou Dorkin, a senior vice president of Dancer-Fitzgerald Sample. "That's the \$64,000 question. I can't imagine any line-up they announce being taken very seriously until Silverman gets there."

ABC, which Silverman helped push to the top, will still bear his stamp. Only three of its shows are being canceled—*Fish*, *Baretta* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*—and all but one of its five new

And in the Can . . .

For each series on the air there are backups ready to go on whenever a ratings dips. The pilots for these shows can cost as much as \$600,000. For the upcoming season, the networks have funded 149 pilots, some of which are analyzed for its clients by the ad agency Dancer Fitzgerald Sample. Excerpts:

California Girls (NBC). A bikini-clad comedy about two 18-year-old girls who want to be lifeguards. One, sarcastic with a good body, the other, a free spirit, well tanned and not unattractive.

Cheerleaders (NBC). A half-hour "gang comedy" about life through the ever active perspective of the pom-pom girls.

Dog Patrol (ABC). An 8 o'clock-type adventure show featuring three police dogs and their human counterparts.

El Pase Pussycats (CBS). A comedy series based on the adventures and experiences of a cheerleading squad not unlike the Dallas Cowgirls.

On the Loose (NBC). About three girls who share a Honolulu condominium . . . In the pilot, a nursery school teacher falls for a priest she meets in a bar.

She (CBS). A female James Bond. The project embraces both action and cheesecake without laying heavy on sex and violence.

Stitches (ABC). Medical students inhabit a coed dorm in this comedy, which blends doctoring with prankish college enthusiasm.

The Three Wives of David Wheeler (NBC). A man and his gorgeous ex-wife run a photographic business that employs another ex-wife, a young model. The half-hour comedy depicts how he and his current wife deal with his former spouses.

Box or menthol:



Ten packs of Carlton have less tar than one pack of:

"LOW TAR" FILTERS

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D...l	12	0.8
M.....o L...s	12	0.7
V....e	11	0.7
P.....t	10	0.6
M...t	8	0.6
K.t G....n L...s	8	0.6

"LOW TAR" MENTHOLS

	Tar mg./cig	Nicotine mg./cig
K.I M...s	14	0.9
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S....m L...s	11	0.8
V....e	11	0.8
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Carlton is lowest. Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box:
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Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Television

series were well under way before Freddie jumped ship for NBC. For science-fiction fans there will be an hour-long show called *Battle Star Galactica*, with John Dykstra, who won an Academy Award for the special effects of *Star Wars*, working the same magic every Sunday at 8 p.m. *Vegas* will follow the adventures of a handsome young private eye "in that sizzling city of beautiful women and gambling men," says ABC, while *Taxi* and *Apple Pie* are billed as comedies about taxi drivers and zany Americans, in that order. Lest anyone get the characters confused, the shows are scheduled for different nights. The only non-Silverman entry is titled *Mork & Mindy*, which need only be as funny as its press release: "A being from the planet Ork . . . meets a young and lovely earthling named Mindy. On a mission to observe earthlings, Mork's problems are multiplied by his frequent slips into Ork language and habits."

The folks at CBS may not know from

Ork, but they have noticed the success of ABC's own lovely earthlings. Among its eight new shows, the network has come up with two series that should be called *Charlie's Angels II* and *III*, but which it stubbornly insists on titling *The American Girls* and *Flying High*. The first features two beautiful researchers who work for a TV newsmagazine like *60 Minutes*. *Flying High* really is, with three from the same mold posing as stewardesses. With the accent on comedy, CBS is also scheduling *WKRP in Cincinnati*, the saga of a wacky radio station. Setting common sense against such fluffery, Mary Tyler Moore will be back in a one-hour variety show on Sunday night.

If CBS's new schedule is any indication, the ABC formula for success—sex and comedy—is about to be copied by the industry. Even if the new shows fail, the pilots that are ready to take their place are only more of the same. "We're in the jig-

gle stage," says Dorkin, "and all three networks will be running girlie shows next year. The sex is more implicit than actual in those shows, and the titles are usually more titillating than the shows themselves. But people do watch them." Instead of exciting the networks to produce better shows, this year's battle for ratings has only persuaded them to make the same shows over and over again.

Fred Silverman's success has hinged on his ability to identify with the ordinary viewer. When he picks a show he likes, chances are that 40 million or 50 million other people will like it too. But now, through extraordinary circumstances, he will be programming for everyone. CBS, which he left in 1975, still runs many of his shows, including *Rhoda*, *Good Times* and *M*A*S*H*, and ABC will do the same for years to come. NBC will switch to the Silberman channel next month. It is, as the industry cliché goes, a truly awesome, and not altogether settling, thought. ■

Press

Adversary Relationship

Carter's stand-in flops as a stand-up comic

The \$35 prix fixe seemed a bit steep, but the menu sounded impressive enough—breast of capon *cordon bleu*, pommes rissolées, *bonne glace*—and the comic booked for the evening was strictly top *banane*: Jimmy Carter. For the first time in the 64 years that the White House Correspondents' Association has been inviting Presidents to its annual all-in-fun dinner, however, the incumbent did not show or send his wife or his Vice President to fill in.

Much of the White House press corps has grown increasingly unimpressed with Carter's abilities. But his studied absence was regarded as something less than a diplomatic *bonheur*. Said the Chicago Tribune's Aldo Beckman, president of the Correspondents' Association: "It is a terrible mistake for us to take ourselves so seriously that we think that the President of the U.S. has to come to our dinner."

Carter missed the event. Press Secretary Jody Powell was quoted as saying by an officer of the 700-member group, because he "is near the point of exhaustion, he's very tired." The President and Mrs. Carter chose instead to spend the weekend at Camp David. Vice President Walter Mondale was on an eleven-day trip to five foreign countries. One Carter associate who did attend, Gerald Rafshoon, said raffishly: "Why, I just don't understand why the President wouldn't want to be in the sun, resting, playing tennis and relaxing when he could be here."

Carter was represented on the Wash-

ington Hilton podium by Powell, who speaks for the President daily to much the same audience for considerably less than \$35 a head. (Surely a fresher face was in order, some correspondents may have felt.) In his monologue, drafted by Presidential Gagsmith Jerry Doolittle, Powell

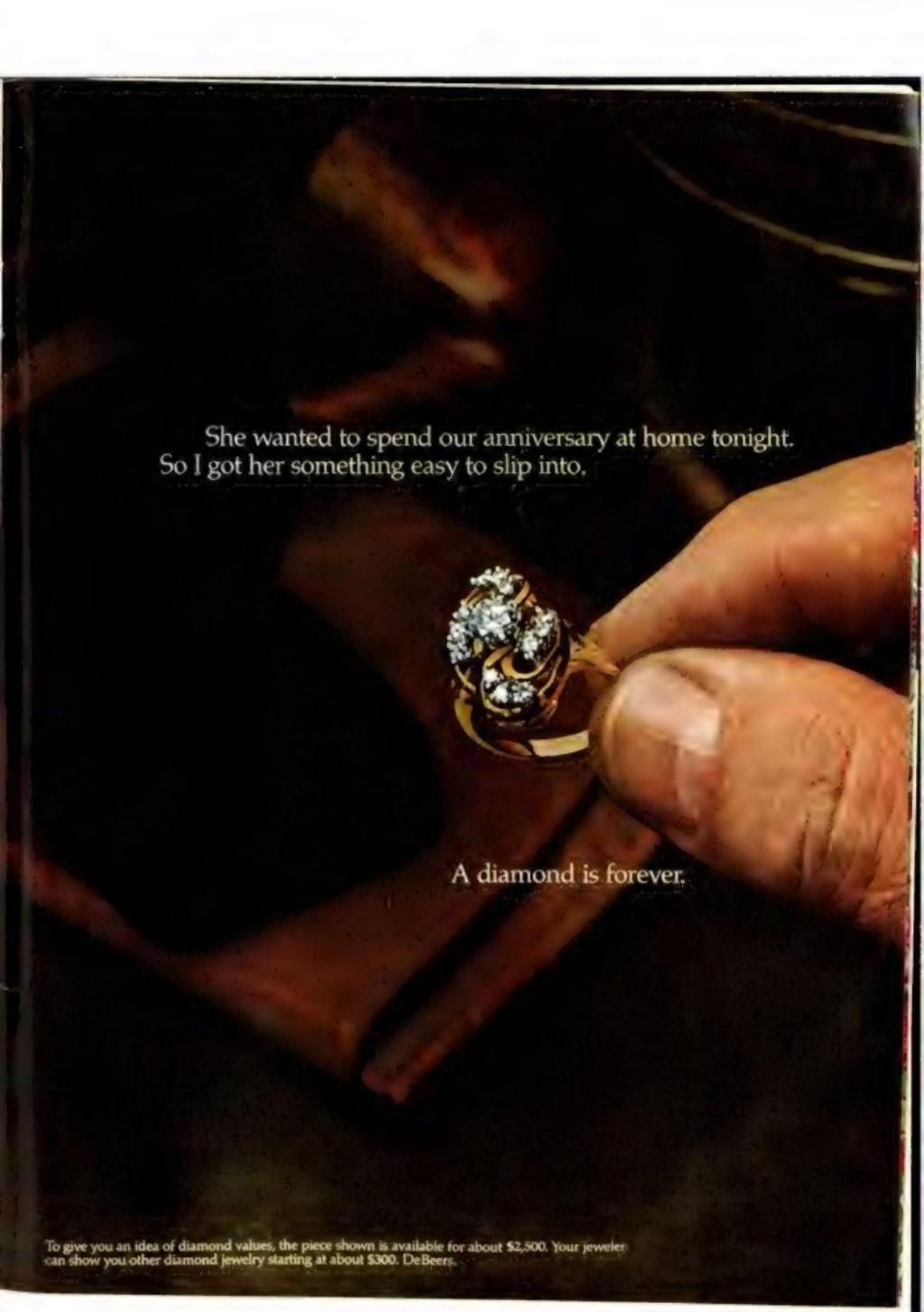


Press Secretary Jody Powell
He left them rolling in the aisles

quickly took the offensive. "President Carter wanted very much to be here tonight," he began. "After all, he seldom has the occasion to dine with an institution held in lower esteem than . . ." He did not finish the sentence, but went on: "He, of course, wanted me to express his regrets. Unfortunately, time does not permit me to say all the things that are regrettable about the White House correspondents."

Powell should have quit while he was behind. He tried a tasteless crack about a William Safire column "saying that Bob Strauss has been inflation czar for three days and nothing was any cheaper. Bob said that wasn't true," reported Powell, who went on to quote Strauss as asking: "What about the Pulitzer Prize?" (Safire had just won one.) "I like that, Jody," one listener shot back, and Powell riposted bitterly: "Well, then, that's the first thing this Administration has done that you've liked." Powell also mock apologized for attacking what he called "the imperial press," but said it so sarcastically that the audience grew almost palpably uncomfortable. When he said, "In conclusion," the group burst into derisive applause.

Like others present, Columnist Mary McGrory found Powell's performance "excessive." Said she: "Most of the people were embarrassed and looking at the floor. There isn't any hatred toward this Administration, but a feeling of disappointment." Indeed, Carter's absence may not have troubled his assembled Boswells much, but the performance of his stand-in made a few correspondents wonder if the siege mentality in the White House might be even more pronounced than they thought. ■

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a diamond ring. The ring features a central cluster of small diamonds set in a gold band with intricate black and gold patterns. The background is dark, making the ring stand out.

She wanted to spend our anniversary at home tonight.
So I got her something easy to slip into.

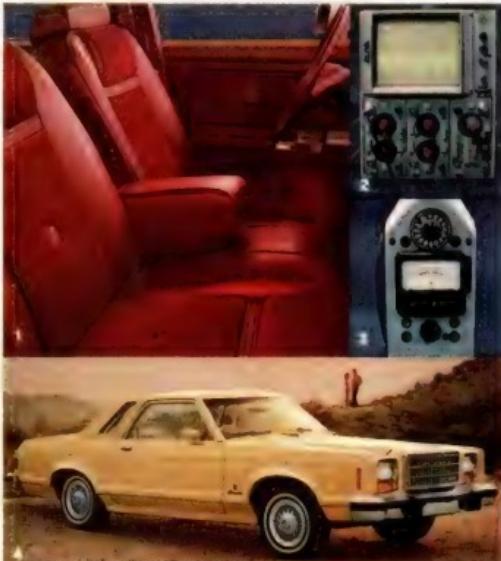
A diamond is forever.

To give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about \$2,500. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about \$300. DeBeers.



January 27, 1978: Ford engineers conclude a series of scientific ride comparison tests between a \$22,000 Mercedes Benz 280SE, and a Ford Granada Ghia.

A FORD GRANADA GHIA. HOW DID IT COMPARE IN SMOOTHNESS AND QUIETNESS OF RIDE WITH A \$22,000 MERCEDES BENZ?



TEST A: SMOOTHNESS

To test for "riding smoothness," Ford engineers drove a Mercedes and a Granada over various road surfaces and at different speeds. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured vibration levels.

TEST RESULTS:

Analysis of the data showed that in 3 out of 4 of the test conditions, "both cars rode with virtually the same level of smoothness."

TEST B: QUIETNESS

To evaluate for "riding quietness," both cars were again driven over a variety of road surfaces and at different speeds. A sound level meter recorded their interior sound levels on the dB (A) scale.

TEST RESULTS:

Analysis of the data showed that the Granada rode almost as quietly as the Mercedes. Average of all tests: Granada only one decibel higher.

CONCLUSION:

This Ford Granada Ghia rode with a level of smoothness and quietness close to a \$22,000 Mercedes. Ford Granada—classic styling and riding comfort at a Granada Ghia price.

FORD
GRANADA
FORD DIVISION



Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

The Pulitzer Prizes: Giving and Taking Away

Somewhat, Pulitzer Prizes remain the most valuable American awards there are. That is surprising, considering the many reversals and goof-ups. This year half of the ten Pulitzer jury choices in journalism were overturned by the more powerful Advisory Board. So five contestants whom juries sought to honor lost out, and five who got the final awards must live with the knowledge that they were not the jury's first choice. This may not be a scandal, but it's mighty confusing. Can't they get their heads together up at Columbia?

In the past, controversy raged over the conservatism, prudishness or obtuseness of the Advisory Board when it came to judging music, plays or fiction. Lately, in these fields, the newspaper editors who make up the Advisory Board have deferred to the judgments of specialized jurors. Only in their own journalistic area are they gung-ho at reversing juries. Their modesty in the arts is commendable, since most can't even carry a tune. They do think they can read, however, and as recently as 1974 rejected the unanimous choice of the fiction jury, Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*.

It has happened that what the Advisory Board didn't reject, Columbia's board of trustees or president sometimes did. President Nicholas Murray Butler was so distressed by what he considered offensive and lascivious in Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* that he refused to submit the award recommendation to the trustees. The trustees refused to approve W.A. Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst*, so Swanberg got a later consolation prize for an inferior biography of Henry R. Luce. Late and safe is often the Pulitzer way. William Faulkner got his Nobel six years before his Pulitzer.

Controversy has brought some reform. When Columbia trustees balked at honoring newspapers for publishing leaked documents like the Pentagon papers, President William McGill got himself appointed to the Advisory Board and persuaded the trustees to keep hands off awards. So all power now rests in the ill-named Advisory Board. Its twelve journalist members are top honchos on Establishment papers (*New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Wall Street Journal*, —plus Howard H. Hays Jr., editor of the Riverside (Calif.) *Press-Enterprise*). Their reversals of jury recommendations last month gave one unexpected prize to the *Washington Post* (a well-deserved one to Editorial Writer Meg Greenfield), and two to the *Times*, including the most controversial of all, to Columnist William Safire, the former Nixon speechwriter whose persistence, the judges concluded, had helped pin Bert Lance's coonskin to the wall.

"Why have a jury committee at all?" demanded an angry W.E. Chilton III of the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*. He called the rejection of his jury's recommendation "typical of the Establishment press." But, as one editor on the Advisory Board told me, "Everybody's mad. They're mad at being overturned. We're mad at their inferior choices. It may sound Eastern and elitist, but they're not alert enough, well informed enough." This is an old complaint: Ben Bradlee of the *Washington Post* recalls that in 1973 his paper's Watergate reporting was the preliminary jury's third choice. The Advisory Board, meeting after Watergate had been further confirmed, gave the *Post* the prize while Bradlee absented himself from the room (as custom now requires

of any Board member while his paper is under discussion).

Why have juries? Because the Advisory Board's members think 900 entries are too many to get through by themselves. But Columbia concedes that good judges are getting harder to find. As more and more newspapers are linked by chains, Columbia tries to avoid naming jurors who might have to judge entries from other papers in their chain. Many of this year's 50 unpaid jurors thus came from places like Gainesville, Fla.; Meriden, Conn.; Sheboygan, Wis.; Anniston, Ala. Since half their recommendations were similarly overturned last year, the amount of discontent at Pulitzer elation is by now geographically well distributed.

As it is, people always seem to be leaving the room whenever the Advisory Board meets. The editors of the Boston

Globe and the Chicago *Tribune* returned this year to find that jury choices for their papers had been overruled. Nobody has to leave the room oftener than the man from the *New York Times*, currently James Reston. The *Times* frequently takes ads to brag that it has won more Pulitzers (45) than anyone else. This year it reported on the front page that it was the first paper to win three awards in the same year; it buried inside the later news that jurors had recommended only one of the three.

With its clout at Columbia, the *Times* often presses for Pulitzers that will "vindicate" its most controversial coverage—the Pentagon papers, say, or David Halberstam's Viet Nam reporting in 1964. This usually works, but Executive Editor Turner Catledge in 1967 sat with tears in his eyes as he learned that the other committee members had overturned Harrison Salisbury's nomination for a wartime trophy to Hanot. ("I was terribly upset," Catledge wrote, convinced it was a "decision on political rather than journalistic grounds.")

Times Publisher Arthur Ochs ("Punch") Sulzberger must also have had vindication in mind this year when he recommended that his editors submit Columnist Safire's name for a Pulitzer. He well remembers that many staff members once deplored Sulzberger's personal choice of the sharp-needed Safire to offset the paper's overwhelmingly liberal set of columnists. Safire has turned out to be one of the most readable, and most read, Washington columnists. He is prickly, sarcastic and dogged, and irritates many. But with information fed him from the right, as others get theirs from the left, he works hard. The rap on him is his Nixonian innuendo—for example, often printing alleged "facts" in the form of questions. Ben Bradlee voted against the award to Safire, when outvoted, he suggested that the citation confined itself to praising only Safire's campaign against Lance. This was agreed: the Pulitzer is a nice club.

To avoid the annual backlash of criticism, the club could stand improving. Perhaps in the case of journalism awards, where the Advisory Board determinations are crucial rather than advisory, it could style itself the "awards committee" (the Advisory language comes from the Pulitzer will). It could tighten the rules so that there would be fewer entries and undertake to read more of them. This would put less emphasis on the confusingly named journalism "juries," making them what they are in fact, preliminary screeners. That way Pulitzers might be more easily recognized as having been awarded with one clear voice.



Columnist Safire



Publisher Sulzberger

Sport

The Kid Becomes a Man

At 18, Stevie Cauthen wins his first Kentucky Derby

Steve Cauthen finished the fairy tale. Last Saturday the 18-year-old jockey sensation won the race he was, it seems, born to ride, booting home Affirmed to a 1½-length victory in the 104th running of the Kentucky Derby. It was a classic race—from the early speed burst of the front runners to the galvanic closing rush of second-place Alydar—and the savvy young rider showed textbook mastery of horse and course. Breaking cleanly from the gate, Cauthen guided the handsome and trim chestnut

Carry Back won in 1961 while Cauthen snoozed on a blanket. The kid was hoisted into the saddle at the age of two, a tiny figure dwarfed but by no means cowed by his mount. When Chateaugay ran away from Never Bend and Candy Spots in the 1963 Derby, the Cauthens' three-year-old was already a familiar figure at Churchill Downs.

By the time Cannonade won in 1974, Steve had been working to learn the jockey's trade for two years. He watched the race with a wise young eye, studying



Cauthen urging Affirmed to victory over Alydar in 104th Derby

A classic ride by the teen-ager with the horse sense of a centenarian.

into a comfortable gallop off the lead through the backstretch, rating Affirmed gently for the push to the finish line. As the field streaked into the final turn, he urged Affirmed into the lead, whipping, then hand-riding, opening a generous gap that carried Affirmed to the wire an easy winner. For the blacksmith's son from Walton, Ky., the transition from toddler on the backstretch to top jock was complete.

He was born, appropriately enough, during the Derby week of 1960, the sort of coincidence that horse people would note over cigars and christening gifts. His father had been an exercise boy before settling down as a blacksmith, and his mother had trained horses. Little Steve was still in diapers when his parents took him 75 miles down the road to Louisville to be present at his first Derby.

how the riders broke from the gate, maneuvered for position in the backstretch and then opened up for the run to the wire. At 14, he vowed to win the Derby himself some day. Some day came very soon: five days after his 18th birthday, just two years and one week after he had received his jockey's license.

Cauthen's victory at Churchill Downs on his very first try was the capstone of a career that has been as brilliant as it has been brief. Weighing only 95 lbs and standing just 5 ft. 1 in., he had tremendous strength in his outsized hands, an innate sense of balance and pace and, despite his years, the cool confidence that he could win. In his first full year as a jockey, he won 477 races in New York State alone and thus despite a four-week hiatus after a terrifying spill had left him with a broken rib, a smashed arm and

facial lacerations. Three times he rode six winners in a nine-race program; four times he won five. In one amazing week he won 23 of the 54 races at New York's Aqueduct Race Track. In 1977 Cauthen's mounts earned more than \$6 million in purses, besting Angel Cordero's single-year record by more than \$1 million. This year Steve won \$1.8 million before taking the \$186,900 Derby prize money.

The greatest compliment to a jockey is being offered a ride on a Derby contender, and young Master Cauthen came to Louisville to handle quite a contender. Harbor View Farm's Affirmed was the class of the two-year-olds last season, edging his top rival, Calumet Farm's Alydar, in half a dozen rousing battles and winning four. Cauthen was up in four of the matches, and came away the victor three times. Affirmed was a lot of horse to put in the hands of a youth who was then not yet old enough to vote, but Trainer Laz Barrera had no qualms about the boy from Kentucky. Said Barrera: "I'm not worried. As a rider, Cauthen is an old man. It seems like he's been riding 100 years."

Not quite. But the wonder boy had been riding long enough to develop that special link between man and mount. Says Cauthen: "I've got a good rapport with my horse. I know him well, and he knows me. He does everything right. He's by far the smartest horse I've ever been on. He's never burned out, and always has had something left. I knew from the start he would be a fine Derby prospect."

Competitive on track, Affirmed was sweet-tempered in the stables—a hot-running Thoroughbred with the manners of a house pet. He was the second betting choice in one of the best Derby fields in recent memory. Favorite Alydar was the kind of muscular late finisher that gives homestretch nightmares to rival trainers. Believe It had speed and was developing staying power. Sensitive Prince was a speed horse undefeated in six starts.

But Affirmed responded with intelligence and alertness to each challenge during the race. When Believe It began to challenge on the outside, Affirmed moved away on his own, sweeping into the lead with a burst of speed. Said Cauthen later: "I didn't have to make a move at all. He saw Believe It come alongside and took care of things himself."

From then on, Affirmed ran as though he knew the race was his. Cauthen was not so sure: "I was waiting for the other horse [Alydar] to come, but he never did, so I started riding my horse. His ears pricked up and he picked up. It went real smooth." After a perfect ride from his jockey and a few flicks of the whip, Affirmed eased home the winner in a relaxed and smart a race as Derby fans have seen in years.

Books

The Over-the-Hill Mob

THE TRAIN ROBBERS by Piers Paul Read; Lippincott; 320 pages; \$10.95

As Casey Stengel used to say, "You could look it up." Says the *Guinness Book of World Records*: "The greatest recorded train robbery occurred between 3:03 a.m. and 3:27 a.m. on August 8, 1963, when a General Post Office mail train from Glasgow, Scotland, was ambushed at Sears Crossing and robbed at Bridgehead Bridge at Mentmore, near Cheddington, Buckinghamshire, England. The gang escaped with about 120 mailbags containing £2,631,784 worth of bank notes being taken to London for pulping. Only £343,448 had been recovered by December 9, 1966."

There have been a number of books about this famous "tickle," the London underworld's euphemism for unlawfully separating the owner from his property. Malcolm Fentrell, the Buckinghamshire detective superintendent assigned to the case, was the first to title his account of the crime *The Train Robbers*. The prin-



Fentrell (left) and colleague

Excerpt

"They waited, but nothing happened. Farther back down the track, Roy and Bill darted under the coupling between the second and third coaches, waiting for a signal to start. Buster went forward to see what had happened at the cab, and as he did so he saw the fireman, David Whitby, returning from the telephone on the left-hand side of the track.

"What's up, mate?" he asked Buster.

Buster beckoned.

Whitby crossed the two tracks that separated them. When he reached the side, Buster grabbed him, dragged him to the edge of the embankment, and flung him down to where Alf and Bob were waiting.

"Hold him," said Buster.

Bob grabbed him by the legs and then leaped on him, gripping him around the neck with one arm and threatening him with a blackjack in the other. "If you make a noise, son, you're f--- dead," he said.

"All right, mate," said Whitby. "I'm on your side."

"Good boy," said Bob. Then: "Where are you from?"

"Crewe," said Whitby.

"Well, when this is over, we'll send you some money. "



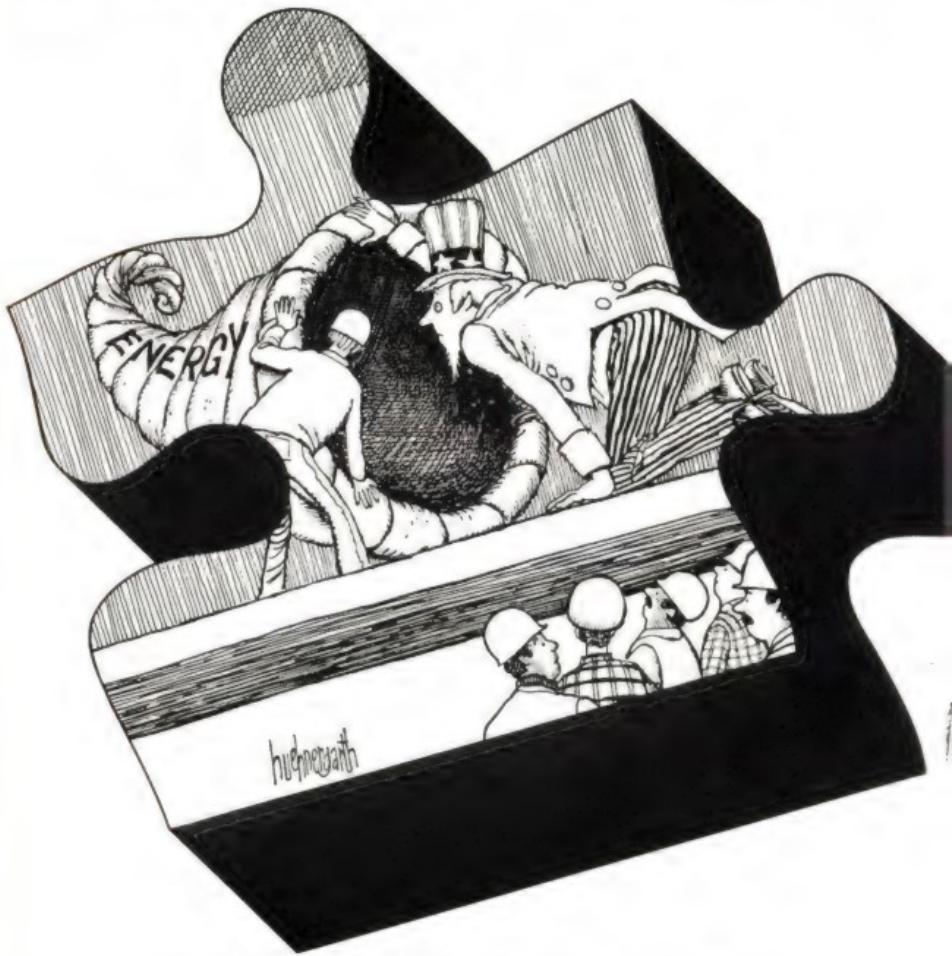
Police lead blanketed suspects from cells to be arraigned for the Great Train Robbery
Blackjacks, ax handles and a taste for Omar Khayyam, Flaubert and Wittgenstein

cipal distinction of Piers Paul Read's similarly named book is that its author is also a record holder of sorts. In 1974 the paperback rights to *Alive*, his bestseller about the Andes plane crash victims who survived on protein obtained from their dead comrades, sold for \$1.2 million. It was, at the time, the most ever known to be paid for a new book.

Read, son of the late art historian Sir Herbert Read, was previously known as a novelist (*Monk Dawson*, *The Professor's Daughter*, *The Upstart*). His new book is difficult to accept as either fact or fiction. First, there are the project's origins, described in Read's introduction: "Toward the end of April, 1976, a tall, well-dressed South African walked into the offices of the London publishers W.H. Allen and Co. and offered to sell them the confessions of the celebrated Great Train Robbers. Reluctant to sign up the thieves without an author to write their story, the publishers invited me to come to London and discuss the project with all concerned." Out of the meeting, attended by seven of the original 15 bandits, came a startling claim: the so-called crime of the century had been financed by ODESSA, the secret international organization of ex-Nazis who were eager to channel their war loot into venture capital. The reputed leader of ODESSA was Otto Skorzeny, famous as the *Waffen SS* officer in charge of the 1943 raid on an Apennine ski resort that freed the deposed Mussolini from his captors. Skorzeny died of cancer in 1975.

Read treats this new wrinkle in an otherwise familiar story as fact—until, in a final section oddly called "Corroboration," he suggests that the Nazi connection was another tickle, a hoax designed to hook the publisher. Read then exits rather sheepishly with the classic cop-out: "Let each reader decide upon its veracity for himself." In an era of recycled jour-

Sensible energy policies will steelworkers working. (And a



A sensible national energy policy:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.

help keep lot of other Americans, too.)

While Washington fiddles, energy crisis follows energy crisis. The oil-embargo days of 1973-74. The devastating winter of 1976-77. The coal strike of 1977-78.

All resulted in shortages of energy and in genuine hardships: plant and business closings, people out of work.

Despite all these crises, Washington still has not taken realistic action to encourage increased domestic energy supplies.

Our concern: steel is especially vulnerable

The steel industry uses about five to six percent of the nation's supply of energy each year—largely coal, oil, natural gas, and purchased electric power. Only a few industries use more.

As a result, steel is one of the first to suffer from sharp or extended cutbacks in any one of those energy sources—in reduced production, job losses, even plant shutdowns.

Conservation is not a cure-all

Even back in the days of cheap energy, Bethlehem's energy bills were enormous. Today, they're astronomical. In the past six years, our cost for energy has gone up 280%. So it's no wonder we're always trying to conserve every possible BTU.

Thanks to advances in technology and in conservation, our industry's energy consumption to

make a ton of steel has dropped dramatically—from over 40 million BTUs in the 1950s to close to 30 million BTUs today, a decrease of almost 25%. Technology and conservation do work. But they can't save enough to meet America's growing energy needs.

More U.S. energy production needed

Greater production of domestic energy supplies is an issue that impacts directly on steel's profitability and growth. Such an expansion would spur the economy and provide and protect jobs. For these reasons, America needs thoughtful, sensible energy policies.

By sensible, we mean policies that permit the marketplace to determine the development of new supplies of energy...to distribute

those supplies for most efficient use...to price those supplies so that all energy users share equitably in the cost.

Specifically, we endorse enactment of legislation to achieve:

- All practical forms of conservation.
- Deregulation of natural gas.
- Greater reliance on coal.
- Expansion of safe, large-scale nuclear power to replace oil and gas for generating electricity.

Tell Washington to act now

If you believe America needs a national energy policy now, tell that to your representatives in Washington.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation,
Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem
In search of solutions.



Cancer is often curable.

The fear of cancer is often fatal.



If you're afraid of cancer...you're not alone. But some people are so afraid that they won't go to the doctor when they suspect something's wrong.

They're afraid the doctor might "find something." This kind of fear can prevent them from discovering cancer in the early stages when it is most often curable.

These people run the risk of letting cancer scare them to death.



American Cancer Society

Books

nalism and package publishers who may be soon calling books "entertainment systems," everybody aboard *The Train Robbers* appears to have it both ways. Even the reader, who can spook himself with the thought that the SS rides again or ignore this specter and still get a doughty account of a daring exploit.

Though it occurred only about 15 years ago, the Great Train Robbery belongs to another age. In accordance with longstanding though sadly eroding British tradition, the gang did not use firearms. Their basic field weapon was the cosh or blackjack. For other occasions the arsenal included such handles: umbrellas reinforced with iron rods, and a gadget that would spray a blinding cloud of flour and pepper from compressed air cylinders.

Preparing for the job required a sizable outlay of cash. Vehicles had to be bought, bribes paid to railroad workers for information. A farmhouse had to be purchased not too far from Sears Crossing, where the mob could hide out and split their spoils—approximately £150,000 per yegg.

Read demonstrates a restrained enthusiasm for bringing these criminals to life on the page. But he also avoids romanticizing them with a league-of-gentlemen myth. Mostly, the sources of his book are an unsavory lot, greedy and loutish. One, however, had a taste for Flaubert and Wittgenstein, another the skill and nerve to become a professional racing-car driver, and a third possessed a spontaneously poetic soul. He greeted the dawn after the successful holdup with lines from Omar Khayyam: "Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight."

Such exhilarations were short-lived. Though the job had been well planned and executed, too many people were involved to ensure escape and retirement to the good, respectable life. The major slip-up occurred when the man hired to clean up the evidence at the farmhouse did not get there before the police. An alert detective rightly interpreted the gang's parting warning to their victims ("Don't move for half an hour") as meaning that the robbers and the unwieldy sacks of cash were concealed in the vicinity.

Old-fashioned fingerprint work did the rest. Though the bandits were supposed to wear gloves, some of them slipped up. A clear print was found on a Monopoly set, another on a bathtub rail. Most of the gang who were caught soon after the robbery received up to 30-year sentences. Those apprehended after the public excitement faded were given lesser terms. The money that was not recovered drained away in legal fees, brief good times and family support. Thousands of pounds stashed with friends evaporated for miscellaneous "expenses."

Despite its impeachable sources, *The*

Train Robbers II is at least a real story about small-time overreachers whose moment of glory rapidly dimmed into a lifetime of despair, anxiety, prison tedium and the need to peddle their questionable confessions. Their literary accessory after the dubious facts tries to keep his end of the bargain. But he finally falters, attempting to balance his conscience and his contract.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Tall Tales

AIRSHIPS by Barry Hannah
Knopf, 209 pages, \$8.95

With *Geromino Rex* (1972), Barry Hannah emerged as a first novelist with an innate gift for gab. His mock-epic saga of growing up wacky during the '50s and '60s hummed down the groove of black humor but spun with Southern English. Hannah revealed an ear for the palaver that still goes on around Confederate monuments, as well as for the eloquent cadences of Faulkner and Joyce.

Talents as broad and wide as this thrive in novels but rarely take to the more constricting form of the short story. *Airships* proves Hannah an exception. Though a few of the 20 pieces included here fall flat, most are artfully rounded-off vignettes jumping with humor and menace. And the stories bounce off and echo one another, giving the book an impact greater than the sum of its parts.

Hannah's forte is spinning tall tales around short people. His characters seem to have been stupefied and stunned by life; they are accidents wandering around, trying to find out why they happened. Fate denies them self-discovery, sometimes in



Author Barry Hannah and friend
Black humor spun with Southern English

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Books

ludicrous ways. A Mississippi-born tennis pro falls into a river and comes close enough to drowning to survive only as a vegetable. The Oedipal tangle that led to his accident will never be his to grasp.

The fact that Hannah's characters and settings are chiefly Southern lends the book a flowery tang. "Beauty is fleeting," says a woman in one story. "What stays is your basic endurance of pettiness and ennui." Though Hannah readily exploits the Southerner's license to orate, he is not especially interested in regional manners. His real concern is with the hollering, clawing passions that manners are supposed to civilize. Hannah likes to rend the social fabric and examine what's underneath. Two of his stories are apocalyptic, set during worldwide calamities that turn people savage. Three others take place amid the carnage of the Civil War. One is set in Viet Nam.

This lineup sounds grim, and some of it is Hannah's penchant for using violence to get himself out of stories does not always work. The narrator of *Coming Close to Donna* bashes a woman's head with a tombstone. How come? Because he gives her what she wants. The end. Random calamities may be the order of the day in real life, but that is precisely why truth is stranger than fiction. Art demands more. Hannah provides it often

enough. He does not revel in the macabre; he uses it to create sudden emptiness, black holes that demand contemplation. Why, while a housewife is napping and dreaming of sex, does the husband come home and fall into the cellar? Even at their worst, such things are pinched slightly comic and askew. Hannah's voice becomes distinctive as the stories proceed: a rolling mixture of roadhouse macho and gin-mill sentimentality, marvelously suited for both shenanigans and self-parody.

Most young Southern writers resent being compared to such past giants as Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor. In embracing the gothic mode, Hannah, 35, has planted himself firmly on their turf. On the evidence of *Airsheets*, their shadows are not stunting his growth.

Paul Gray

Notable

THE EIGHTH SIN

by Stefan Kanfer

Random House, 288 pages, \$8.95

This first novel is a commemoration of and tribute to some forgotten victims of the Nazi death camps—the gypsies of Eastern Europe. If the world is touched by the plight of the Jews, writes Stefan Kanfer, "what are we to say to a people

totally annihilated or scattered, with no testament or psalms to calibrate the deep well of the past, no compensatory country, no telethons, no bond rallies, no touring orchestras...no prophets except the ones in the store windows who tell fortunes for a dollar."

The question is asked by the novel's vibrant, sorrowful hero, Benoit Kaufman, a Romany who survives the concentration camps—a boy to become a successful portrainer of the rich and famous. Yet, unable to shake his past, Ben finally dedicates himself to avenging all those men, women and children who were shot, gassed and incinerated. The specific object of his wrath is a fellow gypsy, a former Nazi collaborator who saved his own life by participating in the slaughter of others.

Kaufman as a child may remind readers of the fugitive youth in Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*. Kaufman the avenger is also reminiscent of Kosinski's *Cockpit* and *Blind Date*. But there is a crucial difference. Kosinski's fiction is cold, clinical beyond ideology or feeling. In *The Eighth Sin*, vengeance is passionate, even humane. Though the book's structure is somewhat programmatic, Kanfer, a senior editor of *TIME*, has given the familiar documentary evidence of the death camps and their aftermath a persuasive and moving life in fiction.



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Books



Stefan Kanfer



Charles L. Mee



Alfred Kazin

SEIZURE

by Charles L. Mee Jr.

M. Evans, 216 pages, \$8.95

Kathy Morris, a young voice student at the Manhattan School of Music, developed a meningioma, a benign tumor on the surface of her left temporal lobe. To remove it, her neurosurgeon thought would be a morning's easy routine in St. Luke's Hospital in New York City. But when the surgeon set to work opening the skull and cutting for the growth, the girl's brain turned into a monster swelling uncontrollably. Angry and desperate, the surgeon eventually closed her incision certain that the patient would soon die. But for reasons as inexplicable as its rampage, the brain slowly recovered, damaged but still eminent.

Is serviceable. Although she has had to restrain herself in many routines, Kathy Morris functions well and has retained her gift for singing.

In this richly researched account of the case, Author Charles L. Mee Jr. (*Meeting at Potsdam: A Visit to Haldeman*)

and *Other States of Mind*) enters the territory of the brain like a 16th century explorer, carefully and vividly explaining the 100 billion neurons, the axons and synapses and neurotransmitters—all of the brain's intellectual brightwork, an area still so profoundly mysterious as to be almost unthinkable.

NYW YORK JEW

by Alfred Kazin

Knopf, 307 pages, \$10.95

Though his title suggests a sociological treatise or a group portrait, Critic Alfred Kazin's *New York Jew* is himself. Luckily the subject is interesting. Kazin has been a member in good standing of the New York intelligentsia ever since 1942, when he published *On Native*

Grounds, a groundbreaking study of modern American literature. The friends and acquaintances he has made since then form an illustrious clan of writers and thinkers, and New York Jews is full of them. Robert Frost, Hannah Arendt, Lionel and Diana Trilling, Saul Bellow, Sylvia Plath. Kazin's portraits of these people are usually thoughtful and affectionate, often with a redeeming touch of asperity. He visits T.S. Eliot and finds "a man easily cornered and deathly afraid of being cornered." Edmund Wilson is presented as an Everest of intelligence, taste and dedication, but Kazin can also write "His greatest interest in any subject was his learning it."

Kazin's style is regularly tutorial rather than autobiographical: a succession of wives and mistresses make brief entrances and exits between mini-essays. Those essays though, pick up nearly all of the slack of the personal narrative. They recreate some of the events that agitated his circle during the past three decades

the post-Holocaust trauma, Red baiting in the '50s, radicalism in the '60s—and show who lined up where and for what reasons. Kazin himself often wound up in the middle and caught grief from both sides. His scrupulous, sometimes pained explanations make his history of some intellectuals itself a kind of intellectual history.

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Milestones

MARRIED. Paloma Picasso, 29, daughter of the late painter and his longtime mistress Françoise Gilot, and Raphael Lopez Sanchez, 30, Argentine-born playwright for whose productions Paloma has designed sets and costumes; in Paris.

MARRIED. Henry ("The Fonz") Winkler, 32, swaggering star of television's nostalgic series *Happy Days* and Hollywood screen actor (*Heroes. The One and Only*), and Stacey Weitzman, 30, a Los Angeles fashion publicist; in the Manhattan synagogue where he became a bar mitzvah.

DIED. Raiston Crawford, 71, painter, photographer and lithographer known for his cool, clean-cut geometrical depictions of the bridges, elevated trains and airplanes that fascinated him in the 1930s; of cancer, in Houston, where he was arranging for an exhibition of his work. Sent by *TIME* magazine to paint the atomic explosion at Bikini in 1946, Crawford was aghast at its blinding light and all-encompassing destruction. As a result, he developed new expressive qualities that continued to be seen in some of his later works. New Orleans, where he often painted and photographed jazz musicians, was a favorite haunt, and it was there that a traditional jazz funeral was held for him.

DIED. Josef Marais, 72, South African-born composer and folk singer who toured for decades with his wife Miranda; of a stroke; in Los Angeles. A violinist with the Cape Town Symphony Orchestra, Marais collected the rhythmic calypso-style Afrikaans folk songs, which, as a sort of bushy hillbilly, he was later to sing in the U.S. and Europe.

DIED. Aram Khachaturian, 74, prolific Soviet composer whose works pulse with the rhythms of his ancestral Armenia; after a long illness; in Moscow. A patriot who celebrated the "wrath of the Soviet people waging a struggle for humanity" (*Second Symphony*, 1943) and a Roman slave insurrection (the ballet *Spartacus*, 1953). Khachaturian won numerous Soviet prizes, returning one 50,000-ruble Stalin award during the war and asking that a tank be built with the money. From the start of his career in the 1930s, he also involved himself with Communist Party politics, eventually becoming deputy chairman of the Union of Soviet Composers. His political stature crumbled in 1948, however, when together with Composers Dmitri Shostakovich and Sergei Prokofiev he was condemned by the party's Central Committee for works that "smelled strongly of the spirit of bourgeois music of Europe and America." Khachaturian apologized publicly and regained Soviet favor firmly enough to visit Washington, D.C., in 1968, conducting his own work and using as his encore the brassy *Sabre Dance* (from his ballet *Gavane*), a three-minute piece that once topped the U.S. pop charts.

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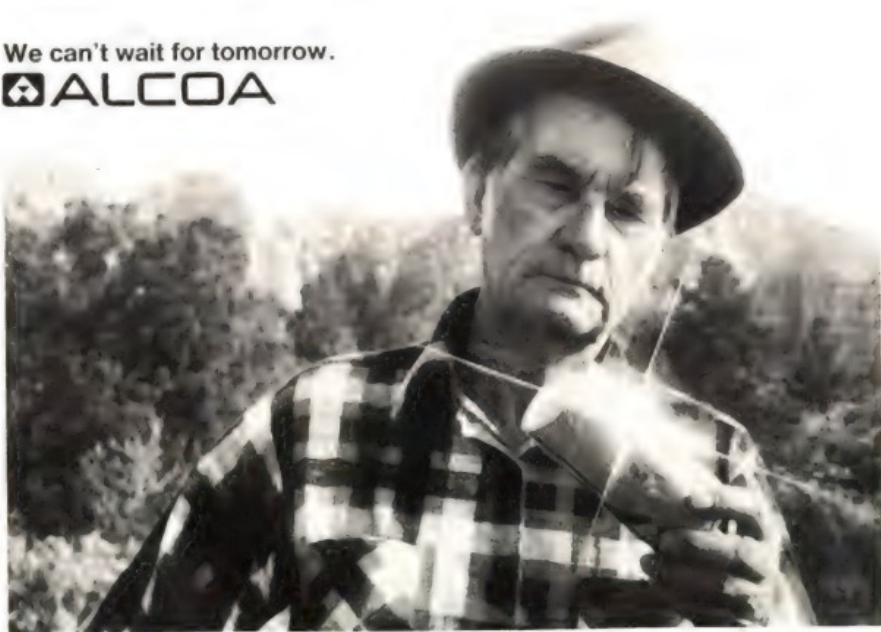
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Time Essay

Are We "Destroying" Jimmy Carter?

Well-meaning defenders of Jimmy Carter have begun to say that we are making sacrificial figures of our Presidents, that we have "destroyed" Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon and that we should be careful not to do the same to Carter. That is a gross oversimplification. Two very different calamities befall the two earlier Presidents; Johnson was swept aside by a deep historic groundswell against the Viet Nam War, while Nixon was engulfed by a series of misdeeds and deceptions of his own making. If Carter fails to assert stronger leadership, and to project a sense and a pattern of purpose, the premature talk about a one-term presidency may yet become pertinent. But he is a long way from political destruction or electoral defeat.

And yet, the widespread disillusionment with him and the relentless attacks on him from many quarters should give us pause. The press is only a part of this picture, but there is a danger that the famous "adversary" relationship between the press and the White House is turning into bitter, destructive hostility—on both sides. Carter has been disappointing and in some ways inept. No denying his shortcomings: the failure to seem in charge and to set convincing priorities; the stubbornness alternating with vacillation, the moralizing alternating with often clumsy political maneuvers, the uncertain economic line, the poor staff. But there is too little recognition that much of the fault lies with the rest of us—meaning the country and the Congress.

Carter faces a unique situation that would have sorely tried any other President. This is caused not just by the widely remarked post-Watergate distrust of the presidency and, perhaps, of all authority. It is also brought about by the lack of consensus, or at least of working majorities, on most social and economic issues, especially among the Democrats. From Franklin Roosevelt to Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic Party, representing the country's political majority (Eisenhower was elected largely for personality reasons), knew more or less what it wanted to do in the domestic arena. Right or wrong, there was a kind of philosophy and a direction. Of course there was plenty of opposition, within and without the party. Of course Democratic Presidents, notably John Kennedy, ran into difficulties and failed to get programs accepted. But the overall, essentially New Deal thrust remained.

Lyndon Johnson was the last President to enjoy that situation. Two things happened. First, events changed the agenda: the predominant subjects became

Viet Nam, law and order, race, radicalism. Second, largely hidden by those more dramatic issues, serious doubts developed about whether the country could indefinitely afford the New Deal approach and whether it was working. In short, the majority assumptions—the faith and strategy—of decades were severely damaged if not destroyed.

Nobody, no politician, no political philosopher, no economist has so far been able to repair or replace them.

The alternatives offered by the Republicans, while impressing many people, have not as yet won majority support; Nixon was elected and re-elected largely because he ran against Viet Nam and radicalism. So, with the distorting convolution of Viet Nam, the fever of the counterculture and the huge distraction of Watergate out of the way, Carter suddenly inherited all the unsolved, postponed or sidetracked problems about how to order our society, accompanied by the serious economic problems—huge energy costs, increasing social demands, slowed growth—that no industrial society has yet been able to solve. It was widely thought that the absence of acute crises would benefit him. The opposite happened, because he and the country now had to face up to far from acute, but deep-seated and intractable crises.

Carter won the Democratic nomination not just because he ran as an outsider, but because the old New Deal and McGovern wings of the party were discredited—without, however, being completely abandoned or replaced by something else. Surely that helps to explain Carter's often contradictory attitudes, partly conservative, partly New Deal, partly managerial, partly populist. The fact that his own personality may well encompass these contradictions only reinforces the point. The narrowness of his victory was due not only to his shortcomings as a campaigner and his newness on the scene but to the basic confusion in the country about where it wanted to head. It is no accident that Jerry Brown, another "outsider," did so well in his truncated primary campaign. His appeal lay partly in the fact that, like Carter, he presented a mixture—even a confusion—of traditionally liberal and conservative views.

Carter has hurt himself badly by shifting back and forth between conflicting positions. But it is hard to conclude that this represents only inexperience and uncertainty. It also reflects an earnest desire to reconcile opposites. Opinion polls show dramatic losses for Carter among the usual Democratic constituencies—labor, liberals, blacks



"We can say, then, that he's doing fine except in two areas."

Essay

—and in large measure these losses must be due to his economic program. Despite the serious doubts about the old-fashioned Democratic remedies, these constituencies still by and large want bigger spending and a more, rather than less, egalitarian thrust—or at least they want the substitutes and alternatives to be painless. Instead of pushing dubious tax reforms and relying on feeble jawboning, Carter should be taking much stronger anti-inflation measures, especially budget cuts. But for all the widespread worry about inflation, it is doubtful whether these groups and their representatives in Congress would go along. A case can be made that the issue is not ideological, that Carter has simply not been very competent or consistent in economic policy. The fact remains that, in general political perception, he is too tight and conservative for one side, too lax and liberal for the other. The Washington Post's David Broder wrote the other day that Carter must come down harder on one side or the other, that he should deliberately "divide and politicize" the country to get things moving. Perhaps so. But it is at least understandable that Carter shrinks from doing so, and it is far from clear that such polarization would work.

The fight over the energy bill has been a highly instructive political drama. The deadlock of almost evenly matched forces suggests not only irreconcilable "special interests" fighting each other, but an ideological standoff between the more or less conventional Democratic prophets of controls v. advocates of the free market, a standoff quite characteristic of the country as a whole. It is hard to remember a past legislative fight where these opposing forces were so evenly matched—and where there was so little readiness to compromise.

Since the early '60s, Americans have tended more and more to vote on issues, not by party. In U.S. politics, decisions for the common good are typically reached through party loyalty and a willingness to deal, to split the difference. In that sense, compromise is a civic virtue. Today, an electorate that is, by and large, much better informed and quite passionate on issues seems much less willing to compromise. At the same time, and partly as a result, Congress has become highly independent—probably too independent, an agglomeration of spleenetic and irresponsible factions.

This is especially apparent in foreign policy. Despite some gaffes, Carter has taken essentially the right line on the Middle East. But he has had little support from Congress, and his sensible plane package—the proposal to sell advanced fighters to the Saudis and Egyptians as well as to the Israelis—is running into furious opposition, marshaled by powerful and relentless Israeli political pressure. In the relatively minor but troublesome tribal quarrel over Cyprus, Carter seems sound in wanting to lift the arms embargo on Turkey. But Congress is mesmerized by the tiny Greek lobby. Carter certainly mishandled the neutron bomb affair, not least by exaggerating its importance. But the German complaints are pretty outrageous, given Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's political cowardice in wanting the weapon without taking responsibility for it. (In general, the Europeans are forever demanding strong U.S. leadership—until they get it, at which point they complain that they are being pushed around.)

On SALT, Carter's initial proposals to Moscow a year ago

were wildly overambitious. The more realistic SALT package now being negotiated may prove to be undesirable. But Congress is far too eager to jump to this conclusion and to decide that the new agreement is worse than no treaty at all—with fully comprehending the consequences of a SALT failure. There is a nagging, increasingly angry feeling that the Russians are getting away with too much in the world today and that, as last week's statement by the Republican Senators charged, the Carter Administration is to blame. Carter has undoubtedly made tactical errors in dealing with Moscow and may have been wrong to cancel the B-1 bomber. But it is also too easily forgotten that tough talk and gestures do not amount to coping with Moscow. As far as local conflicts with the Soviets or their agents are concerned, post-Viet Nam America abhors any form of foreign intervention, and a President's means of dealing with foreign threats are sharply reduced.

Well, as Carter might say, life is unfair. Having sought and won the presidency, he must adjust to these difficulties, must find the political formula to reconstitute working majorities, must find the necessary new directions. But in saying this, we should at least be aware of the magnitude of what we are asking of him and of our own complicity in his failures.

SIMPSON-TUKE TRIMBLE



"Where I stand"—J. Carter

it well enough. The President is not only criticized for advancing this or that program, he is also criticized for not being able to engineer consent.

Fair enough, up to a point. But, if carried too far, such reasoning becomes circular and self-destructive. It exempts both the people and their representatives from the responsibility of using their minds, indeed from the responsibility of collaborating in the democratic process. It means the elevation (or lowering) of the presidency to a kind of magical dictatorship, where *everything* is the President's responsibility. This is often accompanied by a terrible kind of impatience, almost a sort of hysteria, where every problem, every mistake, or seeming mistake, becomes part of a self-reinforcing pattern of disaster. When Carter puts huge, long-range problems on the agenda—shrinking Big Government, civil service reform—we say that he overpromises (which he has done in some cases), or that he is unrealistic, without conceding that in our system such problems may take a generation to solve or even to ameliorate, but that someone must make a start.

We are entitled to judge Carter quite severely. But he, and other Presidents, are entitled to be treated as Presidents—and not as superhuman figures. The danger is not so much that we will "destroy" our Presidents, but that we will destroy ourselves, as citizens, by piling on our leaders all our own wants, desires, faults and contradictions.

—Henry Grunwald

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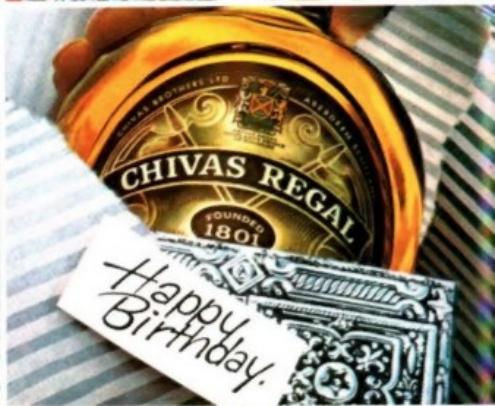
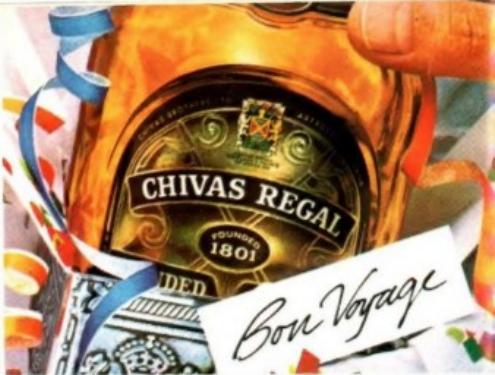
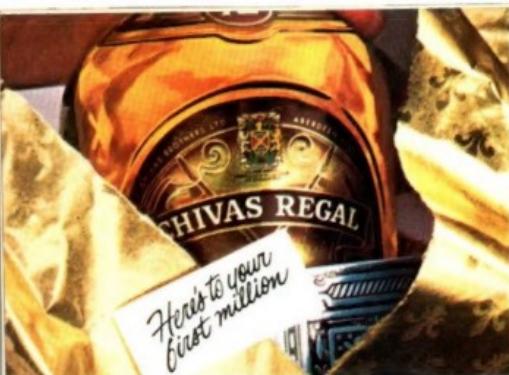
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